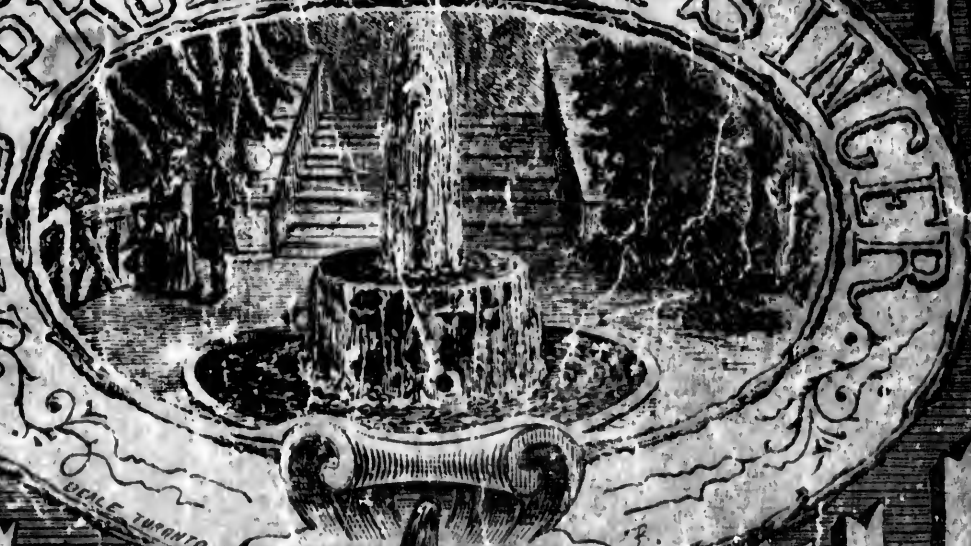
THE CANADIAN

AND PROHIBITION SINGER



MUSICAL FOUNTAIN

1
35



THE LIBRARY
of
VICTORIA UNIVERSITY
Toronto

25 cts

THE CANADIAN

MUSICAL FOUNTAIN:

FOR

Temperance Meetings, Bands of Hope, Temperance Conventions,

SOCIAL GATHERINGS, HOME CIRCLE, &c.

COMPILED WITH GREAT CARE FROM THE BEST SOURCES.

FIFTH THOUSAND.

TORONTO:

JAMES CAMPBELL & SON, FRONT STREET WEST.

PREFACE.

PERHAPS there never was a time in the history of our country when so deep an interest was felt in the Temperance Cause as the present. Men of all classes and creeds appear to have received a stimulus to work, as they have never worked before, to drive Intemperance from our land. We desire to help. Hence this book.

There is doubtless considerable force in the sentiment expressed by Fletcher of Saltoun: "I knew a very wise man who believed that if he were permitted to make all the *ballads*, he need not care who should make all the *laws* of a nation." If singing is "talking on a large scale," may we not hope to accomplish much by the circulation of this book? May we not hope that the sentiments so well expressed in song will act as messengers of mercy to reclaim many wanderers, as well as to stimulate earnest workers in the good cause to greater diligence?

We aim at PROHIBITION — pure and simple. The book will be found to breathe this spirit throughout. Nothing short of this will do. Nothing short of this will save our country from the curse which blasts its beauty, cripples its energies, and dries up the sources of its prosperity.

We are greatly indebted to many friends of the cause who have kindly given us valuable suggestions, and otherwise aided us in our work. We are also especially indebted to the Revs. E. H. Dewart, J. A. Williams, W. Scott, and W. H. Withrow, M.A.; G. W. Ross, Esq., M.P., and Prof. J. P. Samuel, for original contributions. All concerned will please accept our most sincere thanks.

C. W. COATES & BROTHERS,
Compilers.

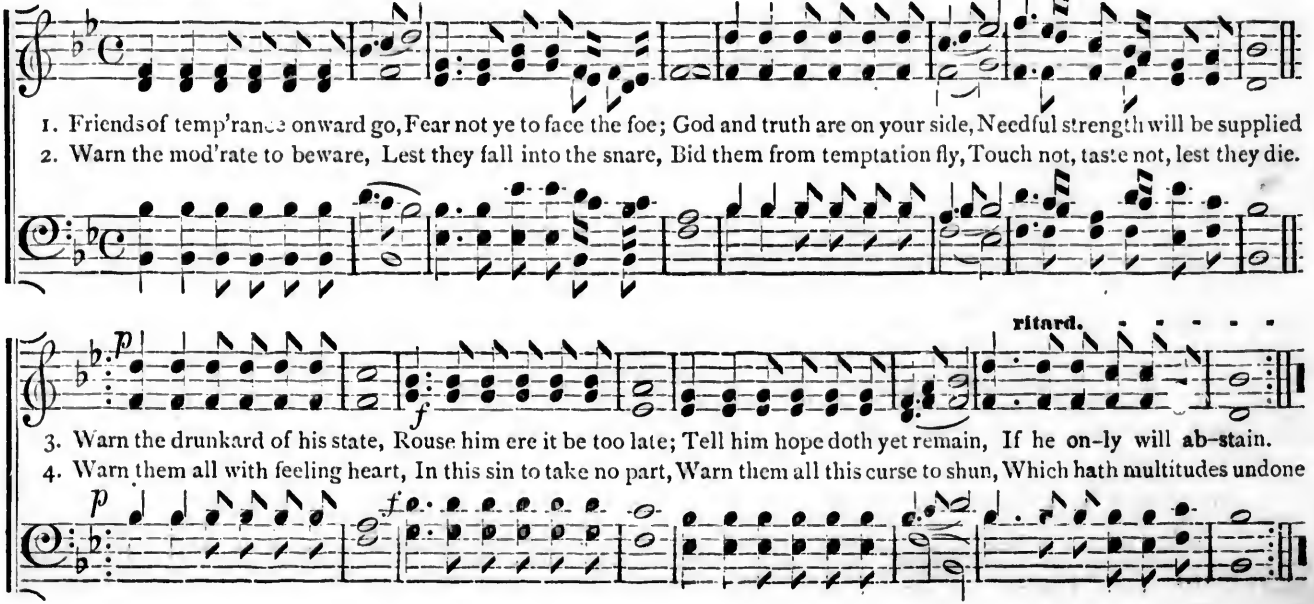
TORONTO, September, 1874.

138004

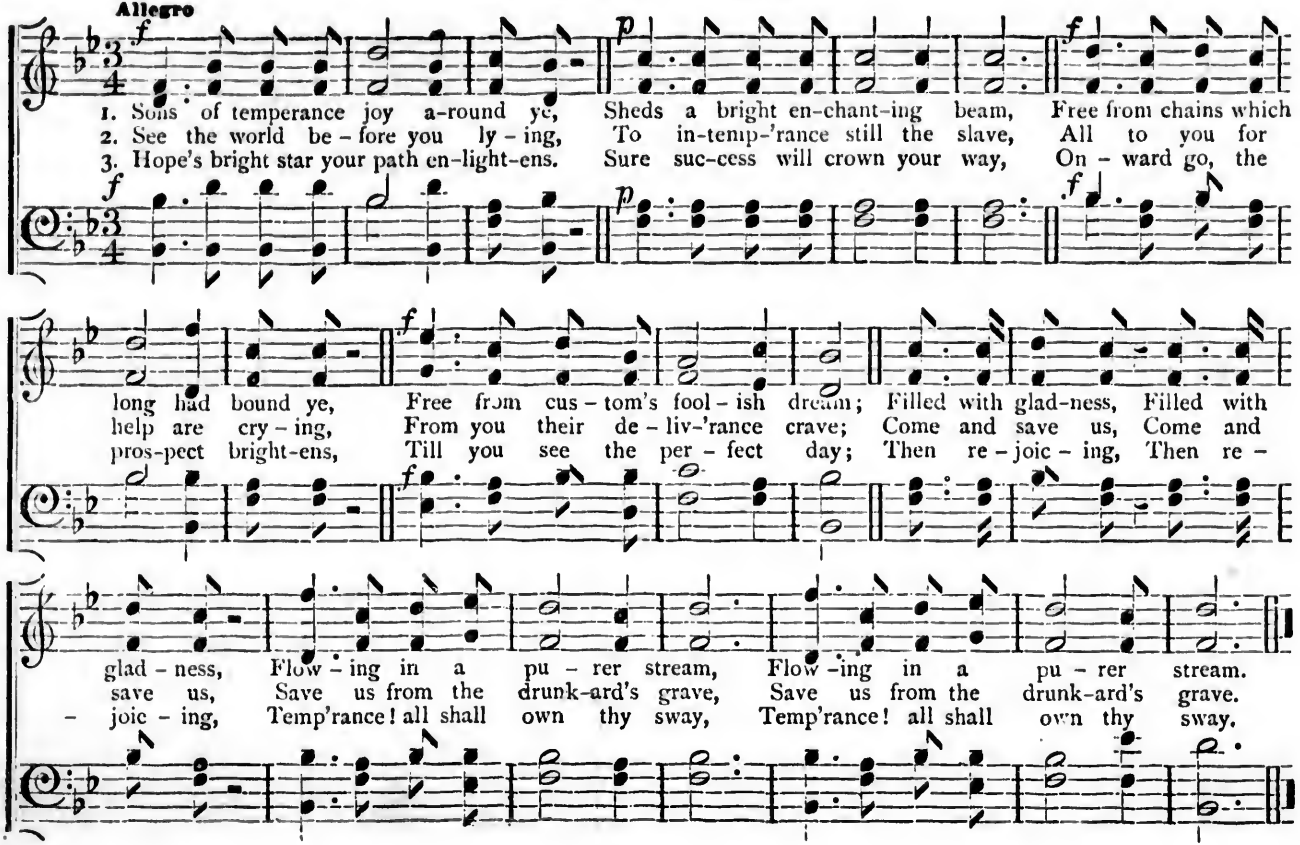
THE CANADIAN MUSICAL FOUNTAIN.

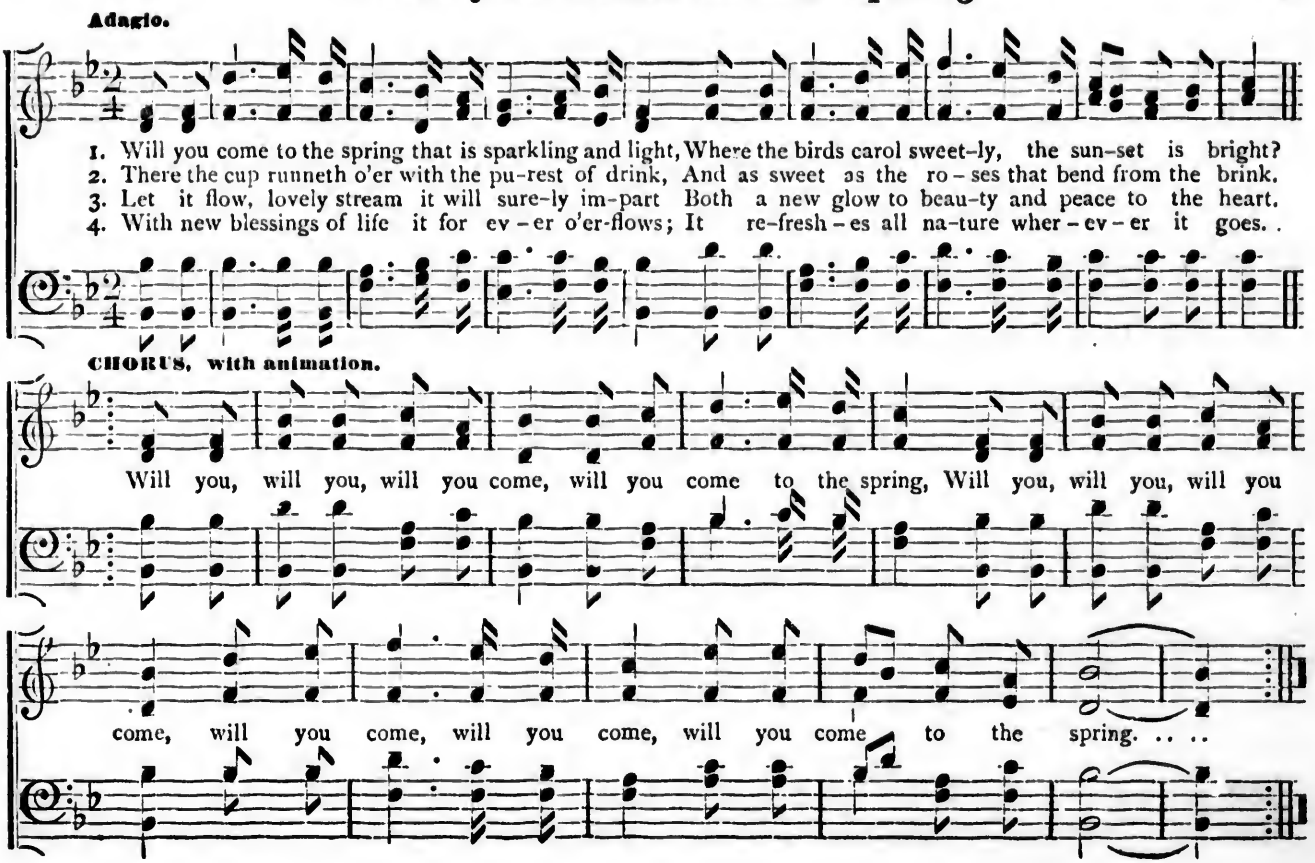
Friends of Temperance, Onward Go.

Distinct, not Fast.



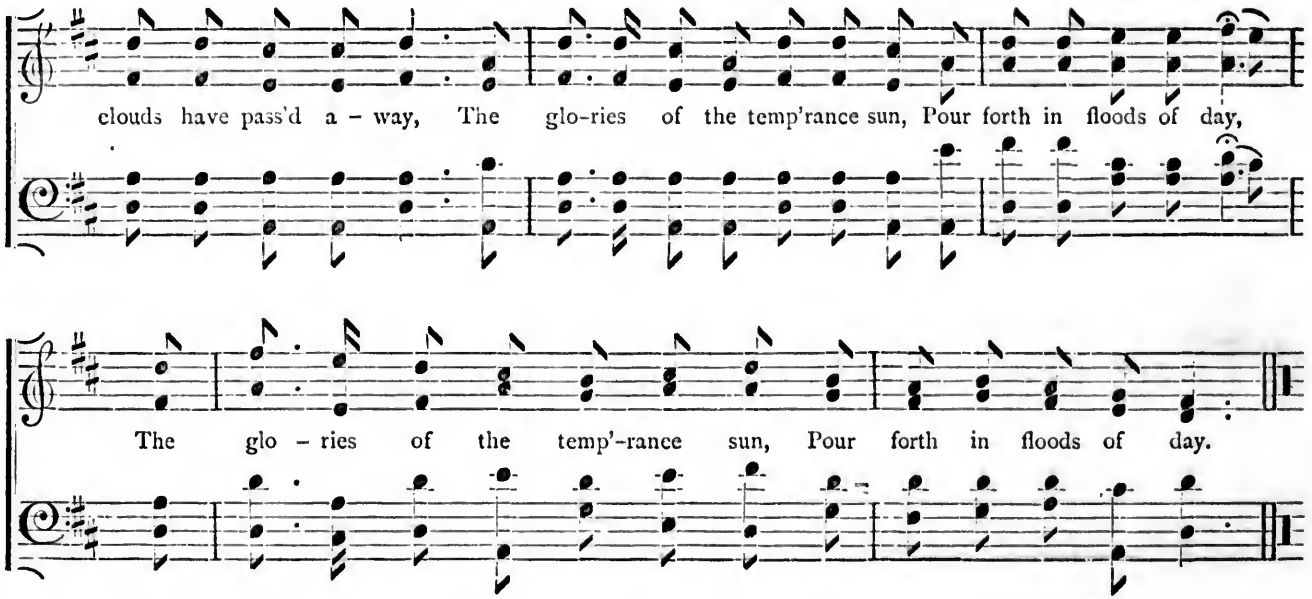
DELIVERANCE.




Adagio.
1. Will you come to the spring that is sparkling and light, Where the birds carol sweet-ly, the sun-set is bright?
2. There the cup runneth o'er with the pu-rest of drink, And as sweet as the ro-ses that bend from the brink.
3. Let it flow, lovely stream it will sure-ly im-part Both a new glow to beau-ty and peace to the heart.
4. With new blessings of life it for ev-er o'er-flows; It re-fresh-es all na-ture wher-ev-er it goes. .
CHORUS, with animation.
Will you, will you, will you come, will you come to the spring, Will you, will you, will you
come, will you come, will you come, will you come to the spring.

THE FREE.

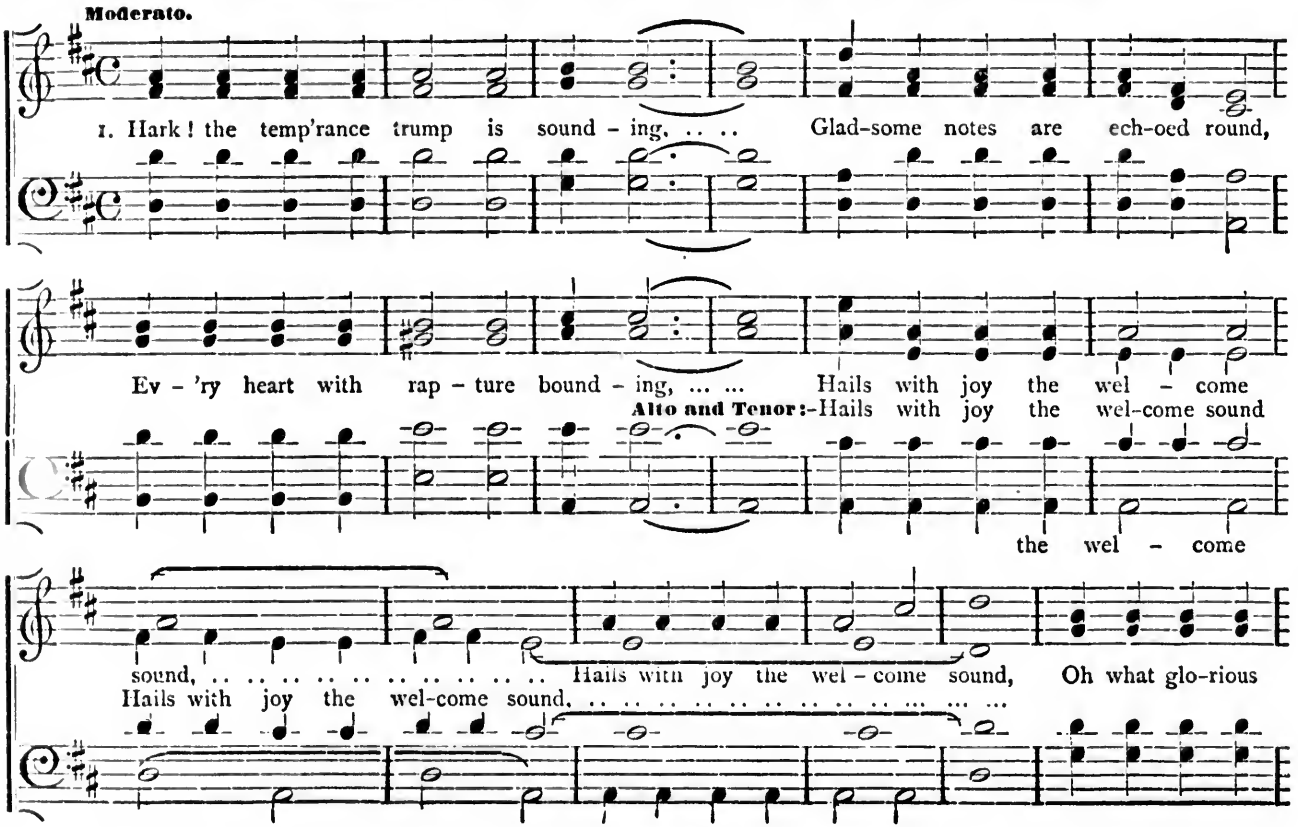

Allegro Spirito.
A shout, ... A shout, ... The
A shout, a shout from sea to sea, A song from shore to shore.
chain is riv'n, the slave is free, Free to be bound no more. The chain is riv'n, the slave is free,
Free to be bound no more, A shout, .. a shout, .. the night is gone, The

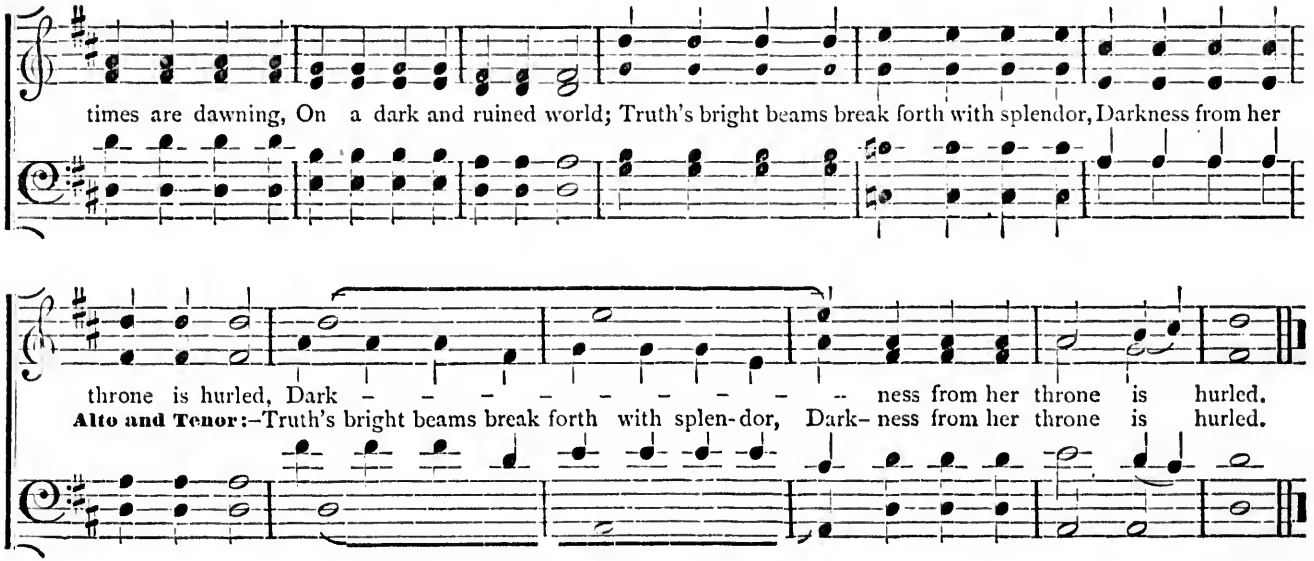


A shout, a shout of triumph now,
The victory is ours;
Not gained by sword, nor battle bow,
But love's superior powers.
Not gained by sword nor battle bow,
But love's superior powers.

A shout, a shout, from sea to sea,
A song from shore to shore,
Ten thousand deathless souls are free,
Free, to be bound no more.
Ten thousand deathless souls are free,
Free, to be bound no more.

Hark! the Temperance Trump is Sounding.





2. As the light is still advancing,
Backward shrinks our country's foe,
We, through future ages glancing,
View another Eden glow.
See the drunkards, long neglected,
List'ning to the cheering strains,
Now their freedom is effected.
Casting off their slavish chains.

3. Like the star of Bethlehem shining,
Which the eastern shepherds led,
Where the Saviour was reclining
In His poor and lowly bed,
May the temperance star ascending,
In unclouded lustre shine,
With the gospel's brightness blending,
Light our way to bliss divine.



2.
From its bossom blessings pour,
Join in large abundance shower,
Peace and love commingling flow,
Temp'rance, thou art conqu'ring woe.
Temp'rance, thou art conqu'ring woe.

3.
Let your praise like incense rise,
To the Ruler of the skies,
In His strength to conquest go,
Banish drink and human woe,
Banish drink and human woe.

4.
Then His pow'r shall drunkards own,
Sin's stronghold be overthrown;
Man in man will find a friend,
Joys begin that never end,
Joys begin that never end.

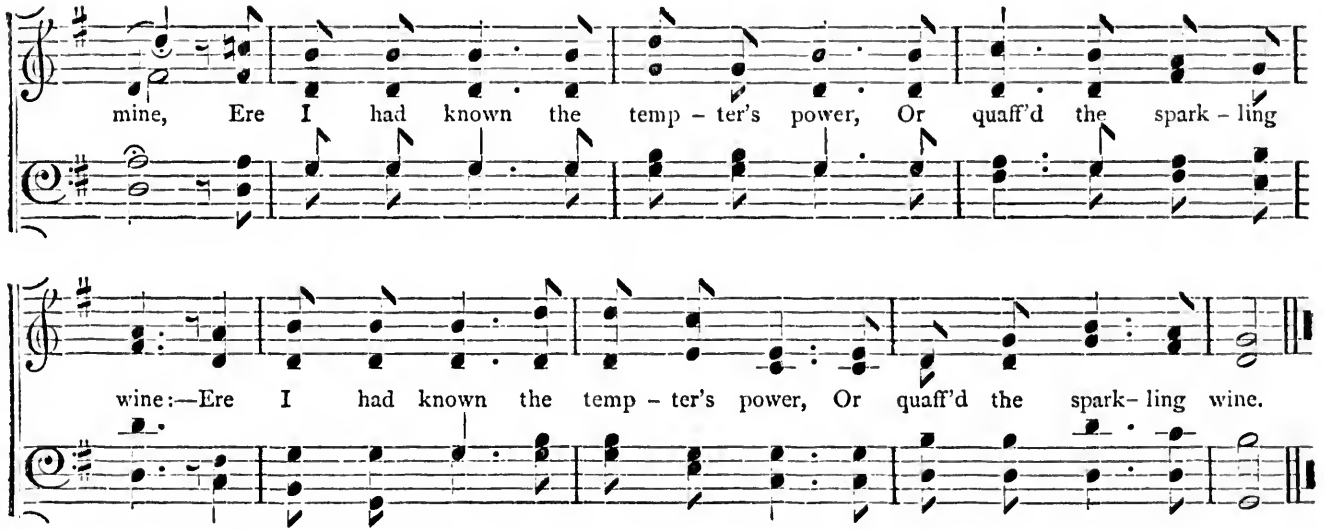
WORDS BY THOMAS EDGERLEY, MUSIC ARRANGED BY GEORGE STOWE.



My Peaceful Home of other Days.

ARRANGED BY THE ALLEGHANIANS, WORDS BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.



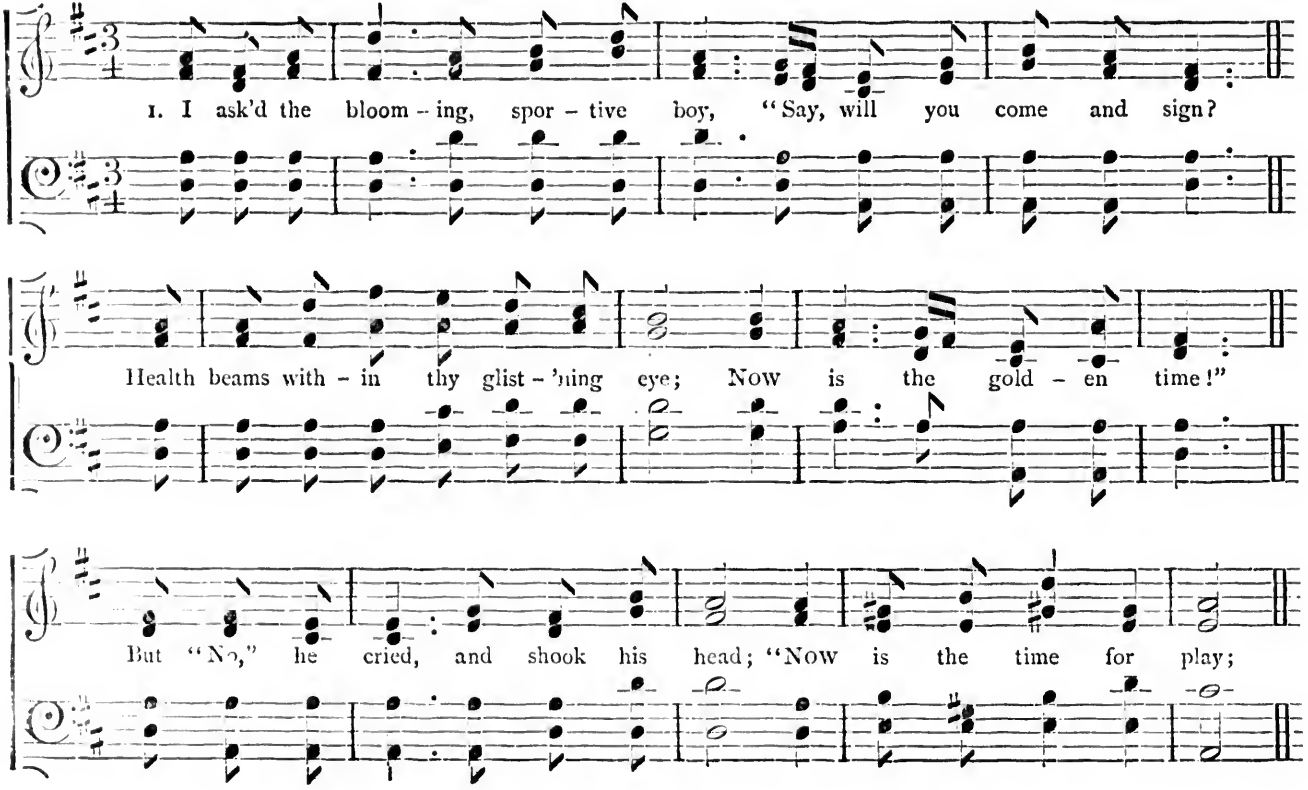


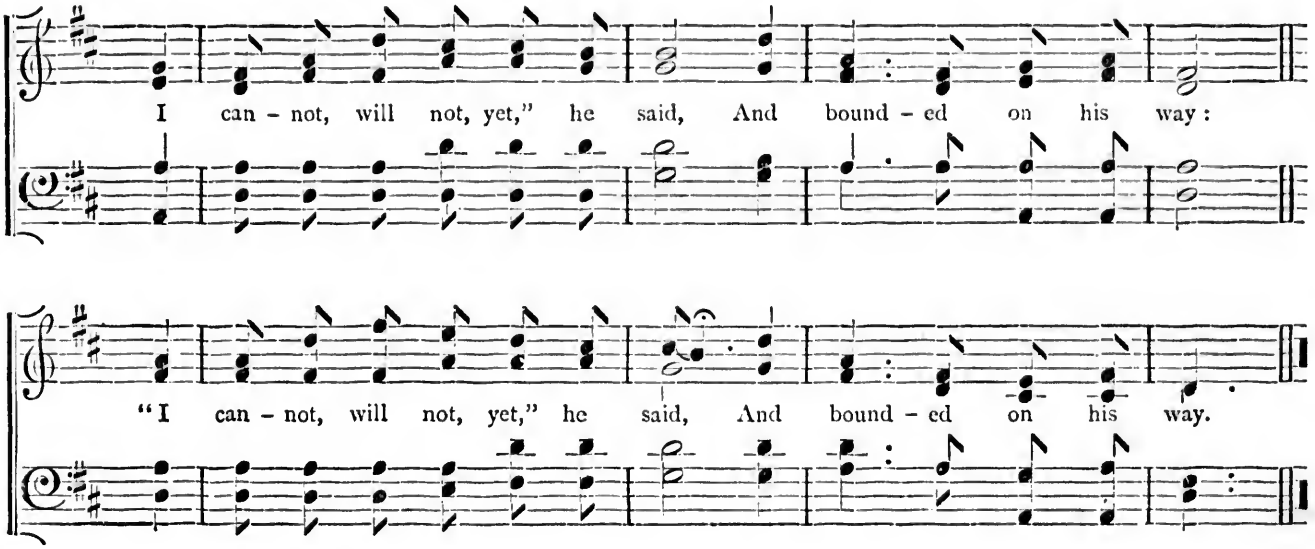
2. Alas! those days of pure delight
Fled like a dream away,
And o'er my heart intemp'rance held
An undisputed sway.
My gentle wife in sorrow died;
My children pined alone;
‖: Their father's heart, once kind and true,
Had cold and cruel grown. :‖

3. But time has wrought a happy change—
The tempter's power is o'er;
The pledge has saved me from despair—
I taste the wine no more.
Now pleasure lights my path again,
And happiness is mine;
‖: Hope, love, and joy, around my heart
Their tendrils sweet entwine. :‖

Sing third verse Lively.

When is the Time to Sign?





2.

I ask'd him, when a youth; but then
He stopped me, with alarm—
"Nay, leave the pledge for grave old men;
A drop can do no harm!
Youth is the time for mirth and joy,
I 'll live thus while I can;
Your sober scheme perchance I 'll try
When I am quite a man."

3.

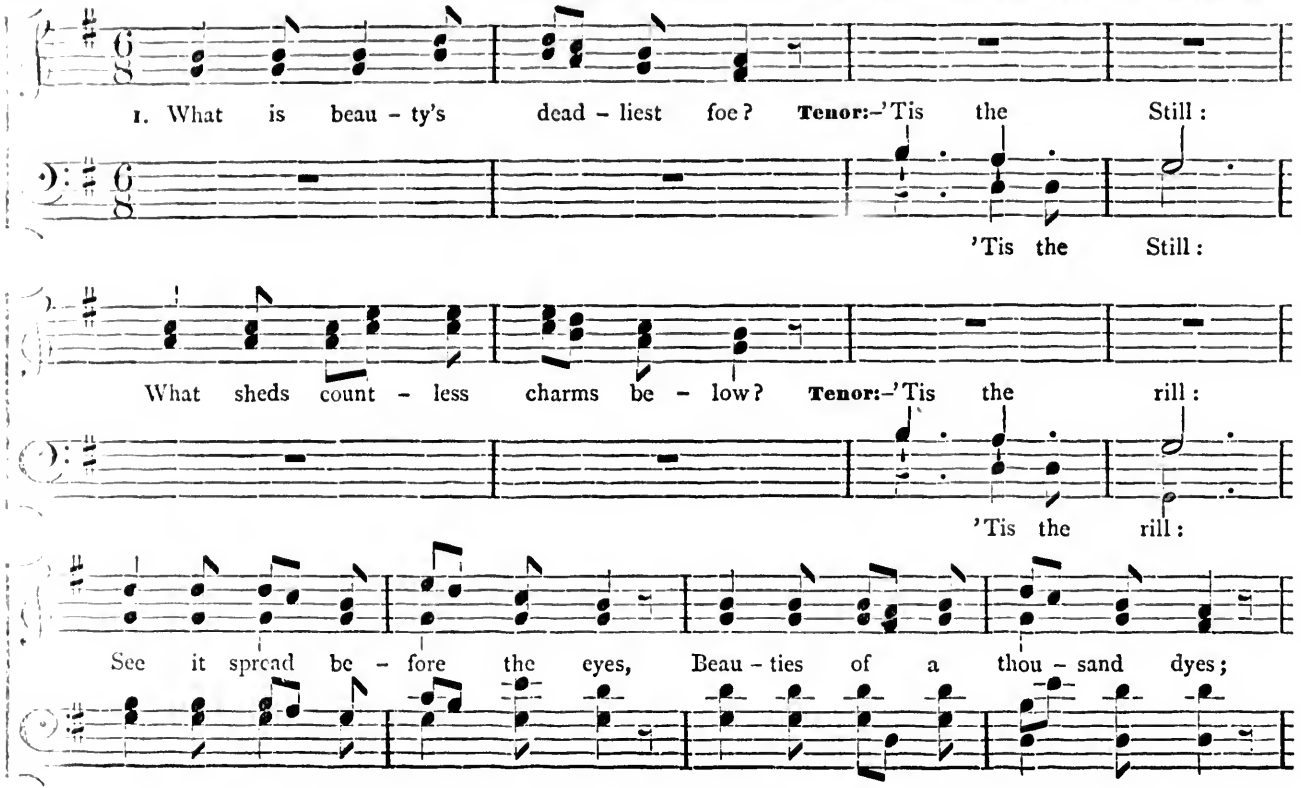
I ask'd a man of middle age;
How gleamed his fiery eye!
Such fearful signs his frame betrayed;
They gave a full reply:
For many years had firmly fixed
The tyrant's iron chain;
His all for drink he'd madly risked;
To ask him now was vain.

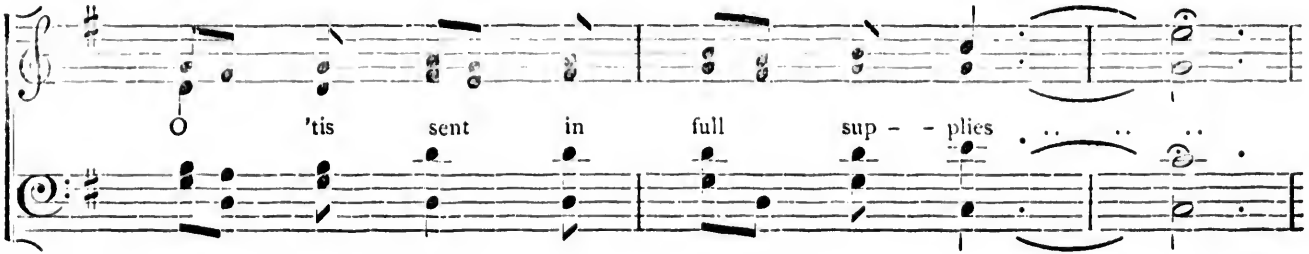
4.

I questioned next an aged man—
A miserable form;
His course of life had nearly run,
Each short-lived pleasure gone:
"Alas!" he cried, in accents wild,
With anguish on his brow,
"Would I had signed it when a child,
I cannot do it now."

CRYSTAL SPRING.

WORDS BY CHARLES THURDER, ESQ., MUSIC BY ASA R. TROWBRIDGE.





2.
What can mar the sweetest face?
Alcohol:
What can dress it up with grace?
Showers that fall.
See them on the landscape sink,
Paint the grass and deck the pink;
Come. O come with joy and drink,
Great and small, Great and small.

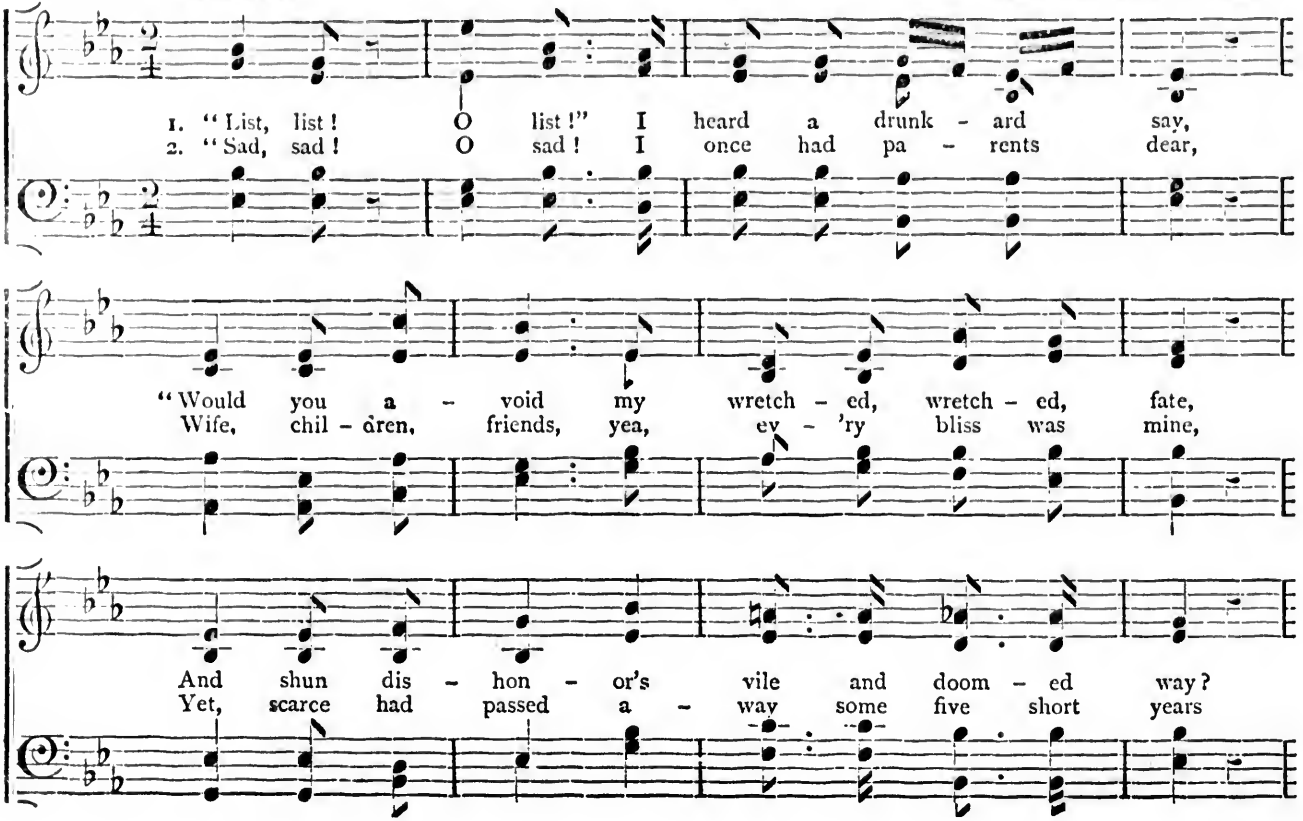
3.
What can wake the angry frown?
Drunkards know:
What can charm the passions down?
Streams that flow.
See the songster drink and fly,
Charming earth and charming sky;
Drinker, to the fountain hie,
Fearless go, Fearless go.

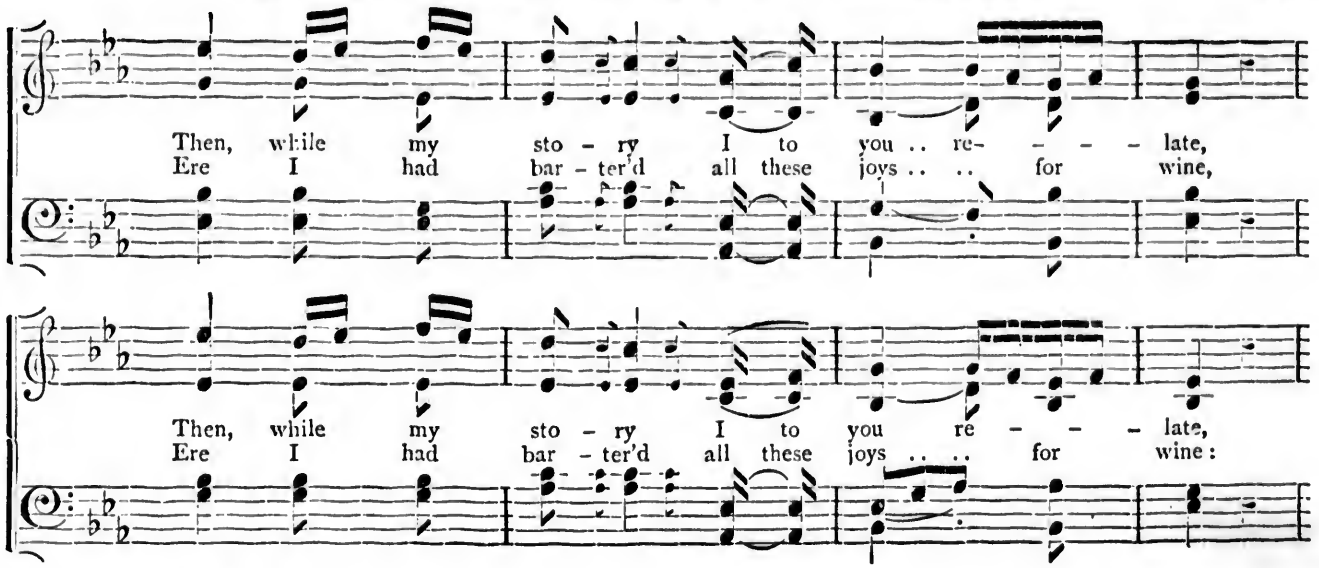
4.
What can make us sick and poor?
Sots can tell:
What brings plenty to the door?
Water will.
Drink, O drink it merrily,
'Twill a glorious treasure be,
Leaving all thy stores to thee,
Growing still, Growing still.

5.
What brings vice and guilt below?
Strong drink brings:
What makes streams of virtue flow?
Crystal springs.
Stay no longer at your wine,
But partake the gift divine;
Then you may in virtue shine,
Queens and kings, Queens and kings.

LIST, LIST! O LIST!

WORDS BY T. EDGERLEY. ARRANGED BY S. O. DYER.







3.

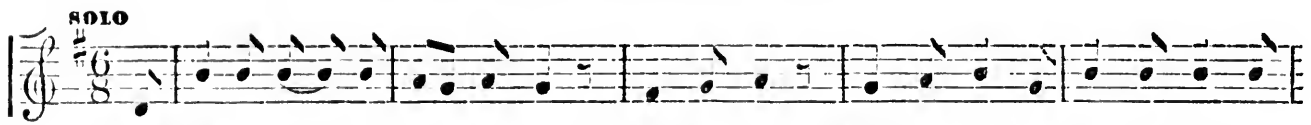
True, true! too true! the ways of sin are hard,
Yet, wayward man heeds not the warning given,
Till in his deepest soul he feels the barb,
And all his earthly joys are from him riven,
And all his earthly joys are from him riven,
True, true! too true!

4.

Heed then! O heed! ye careless sons of mirth,
Nor proudly scorn the poor, poor drunkard's cry;
The love of wine to every vice gives birth,
Then leaves its victim, ruined, lost, to die!
Then leaves its victim, ruined, lost, to die.
Heed then, O heed.

THE SOCIAL GLASS.

A GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.



First Voice.
1. I'm ve-ry fond of a so – cial glass; **2nd voice,** So am I; **3rd voice,** So am I; **1st voice,** It makes the time so

Second Voice.
2. I like with a friend an hour to pass; **3rd voice,** So do I; **1st voice,** So do I; **2nd voice,** But nev – er with "the

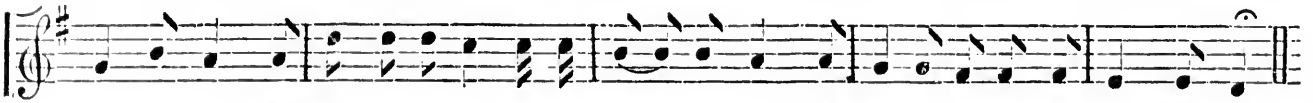
Third Voice.
3. I love to sing a temp'rance glee; **1st voice,** So do I; **2nd voice,** So do I; **3rd voice,** I long to see th'in–



pleasant-ly pass, And fill the heart with pleasure. **2nd voice,** Ah, wa-ter pure doth brighter shine Than brandy, rum, or

so – cial glass," Un-less it be cold wa-ter. **3rd voice,** No, friendship's joys are so divine, They nev-er should be

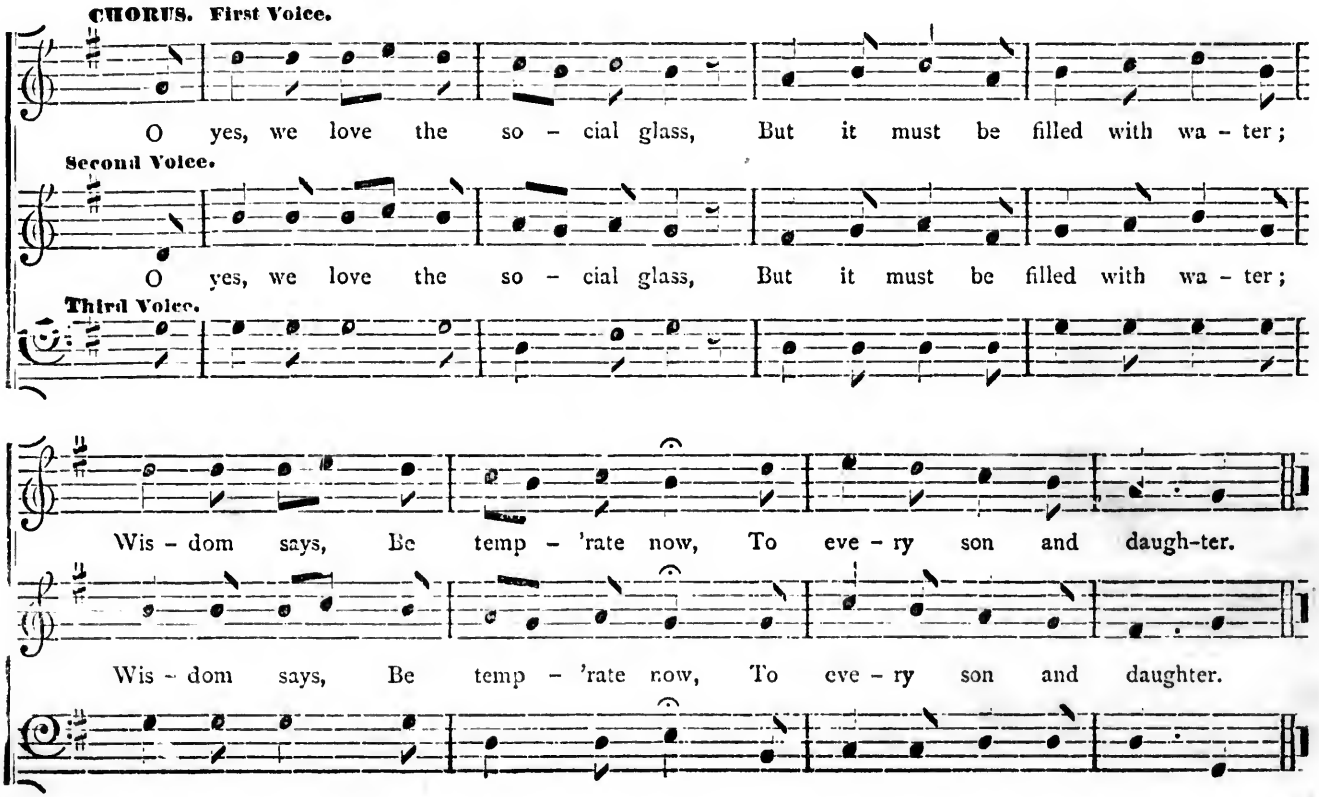
– e – briate free, And eve-ry mod-'rate drink-er: **1st voice,** You, friends, may think me "a hard case," But strong drink nev-er



sparkling wine; **3d voi.** But sad is the fix, if the liquors you mix: **1st voi.** O, I never do that, **2d voi.** Nor I, **3d voi.** Nor I.—

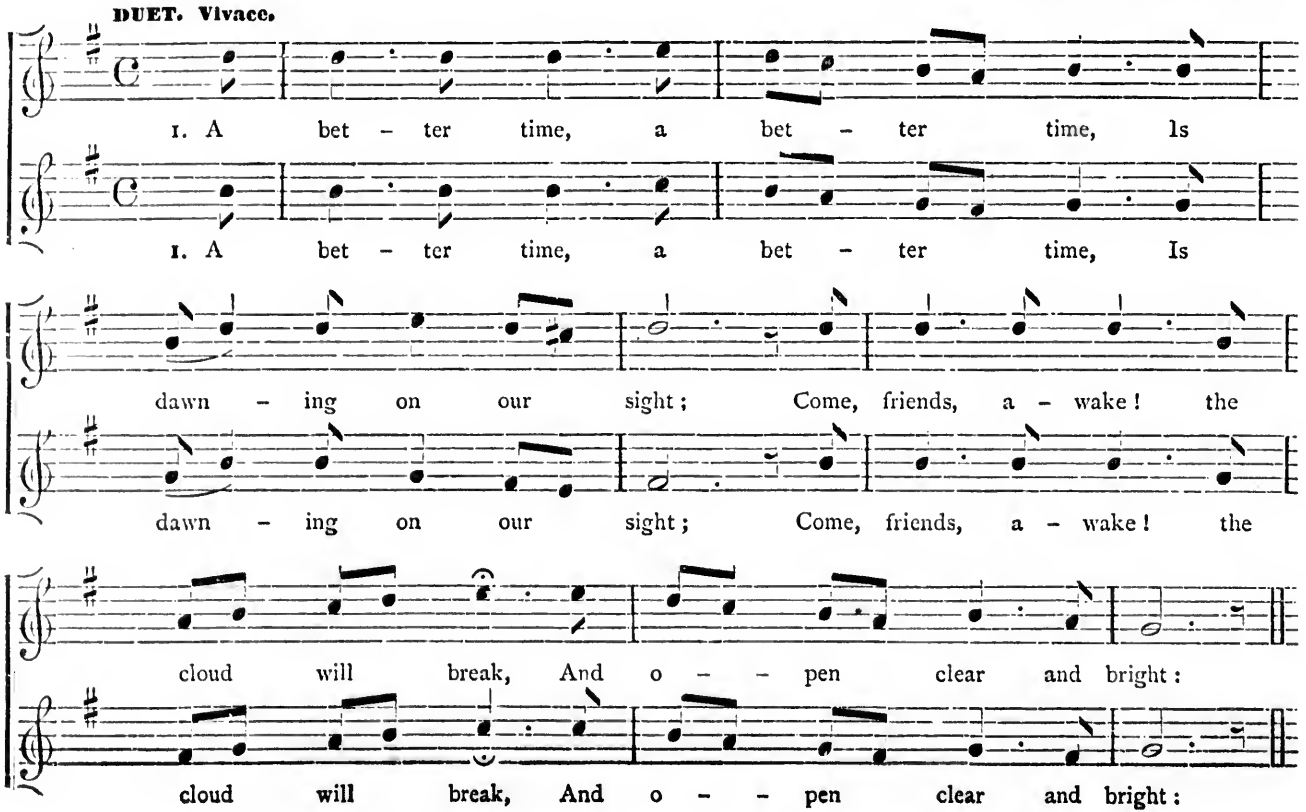
pledg'd with wine; **1st voi.** Perhaps you may think that I some-times drink, **2d voi.** I cer-tain – ly do; **3d voi.** And I, **1st voi.** And I.—

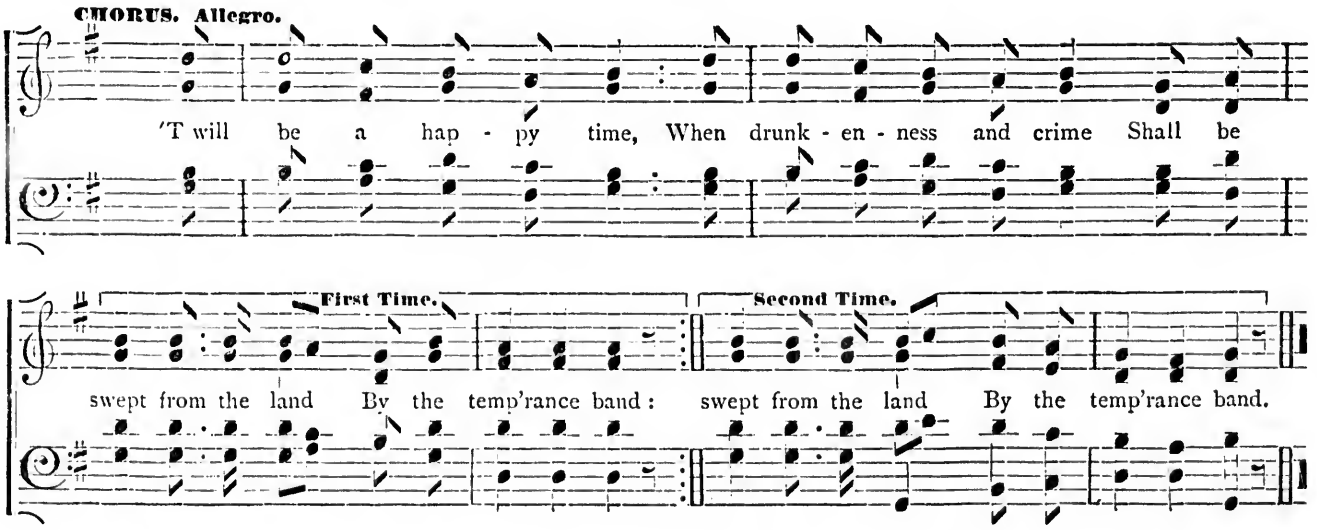
reach'd my face; **2d voi.** Then I understand, you're a temperance man, **3d voi.** I reck-on he is; **1st voi.** You're right, **2d voi.** All right.—


CHORUS. First Voice.
O yes, we love the so - cial glass, But it must be filled with wa - ter;
Second Voice.
O yes, we love the so - cial glass, But it must be filled with wa - ter;
Third Voice.
Wis - dom says, Be temp - 'rate now, To eve - ry son and daugh-ter.
Wis - dom says, Be temp - 'rate now, To eve - ry son and daughter.

A BETTER TIME IS DAWNING.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY GEO. STOWE.





2.

Rum dealers all, both great and small,
Will witness in dismay,
The joyous time, when vice and crime
Shall all be swept away.

3.

'T will give you health, 't will give you wealth,
Resolve, then, one and all,—
We 'll water take, our thirst to slake,
Instead of alcohol.

4.

Then mirth shall spring, and music ring
Within the dwellings bright,
Where rum and gin, and vice and sin,
Once spread their with'ring blight.

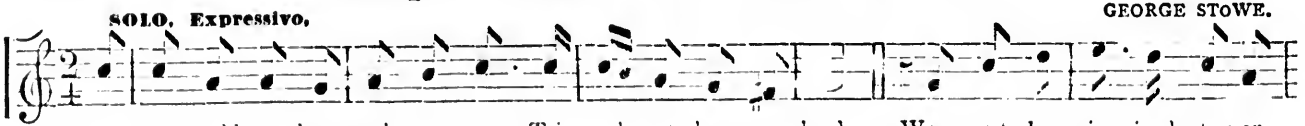
5.

Then truth shall gleam, and health shall beam,
Through our beloved land;
And thousands throng to swell the song
Of our Teetotal Band.

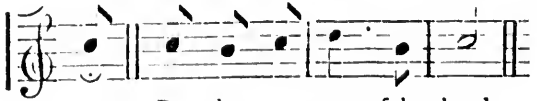
Help to Stay this Tide of Woe.

GEORGE STOWE.

SOLO. Expressivo.



1. If we would see the temp'rance cause Tri-umph ant o'er our land, We must be vig - i - lant, nor
2. There's many a heart that's mourning now, There's many a heart that's sad; In - temp'rance dark-ens many a



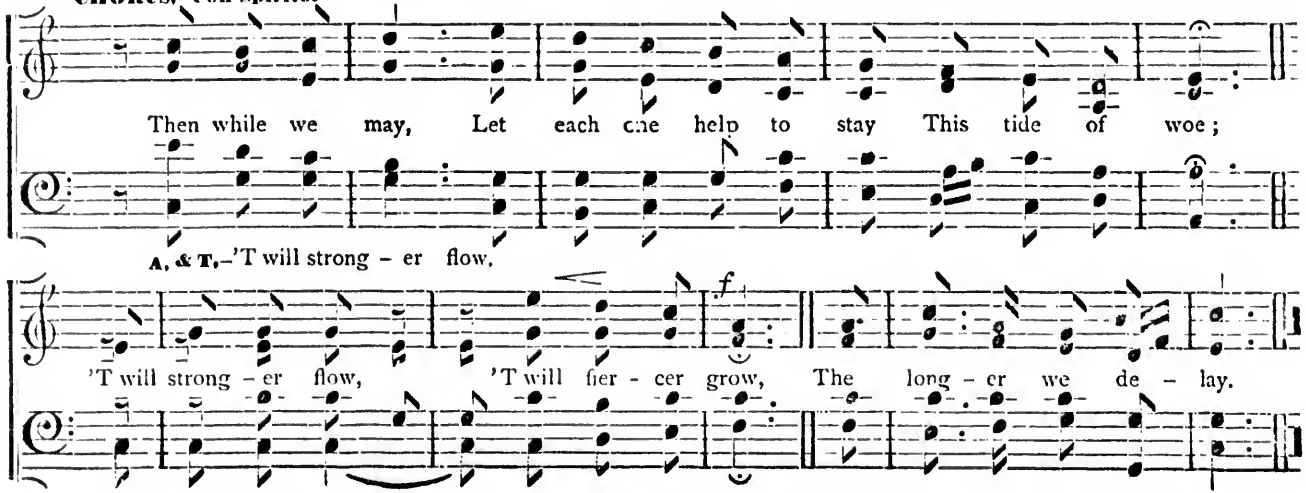
pause; Rum has a power-ful hand.
brow, Drives ma-ny ra - ving mad.

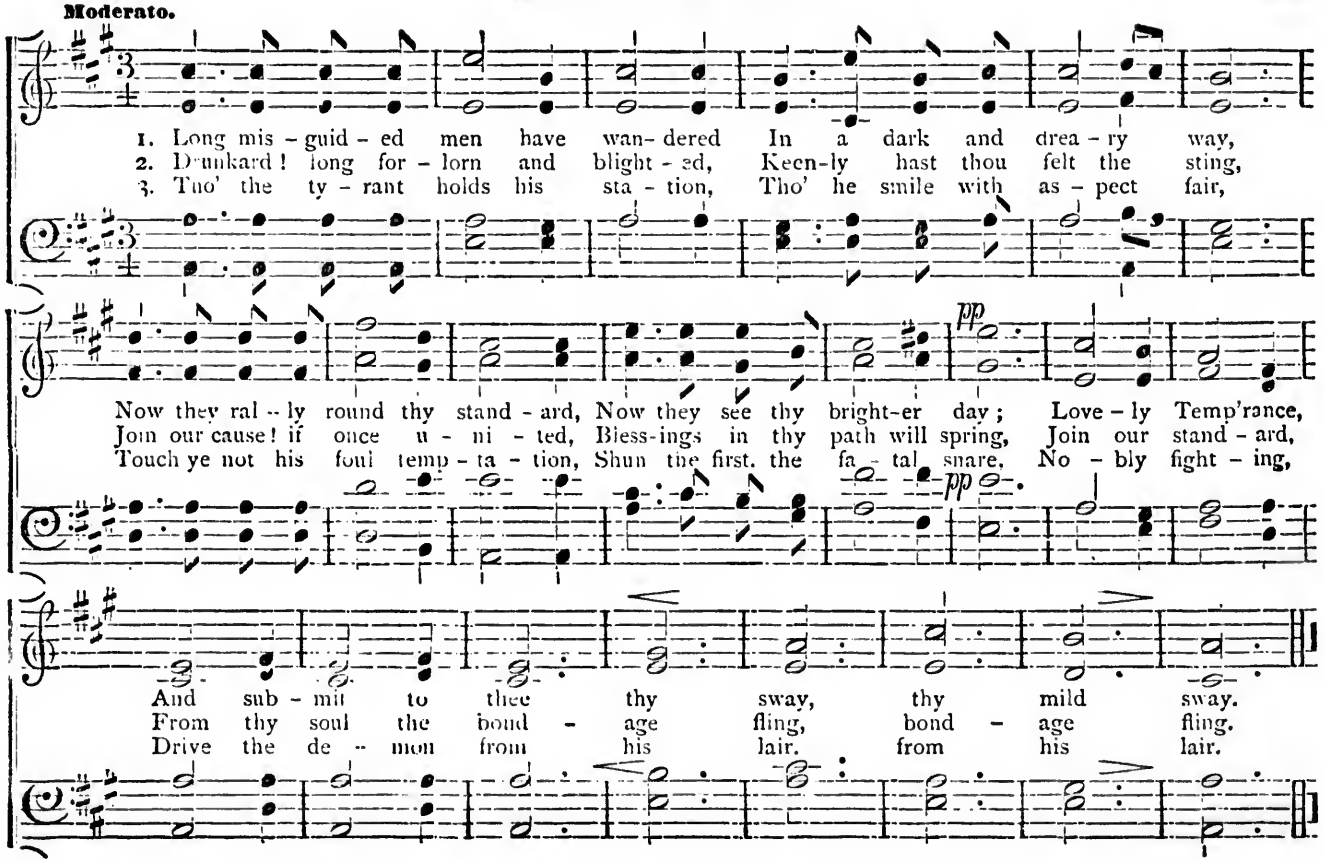
3.
Here in our midst its victims go—
They stagger by our side;
"Be up and doing," ere the foe
Shall rough-shod o'er us ride.

4.
O, Christians, pray, the cause is good,
And lend a helping hand;
Against the overwhelming flood
Let 's take a fearless stand.*

* Chorus to last verse, begin with "Yes, while we may."

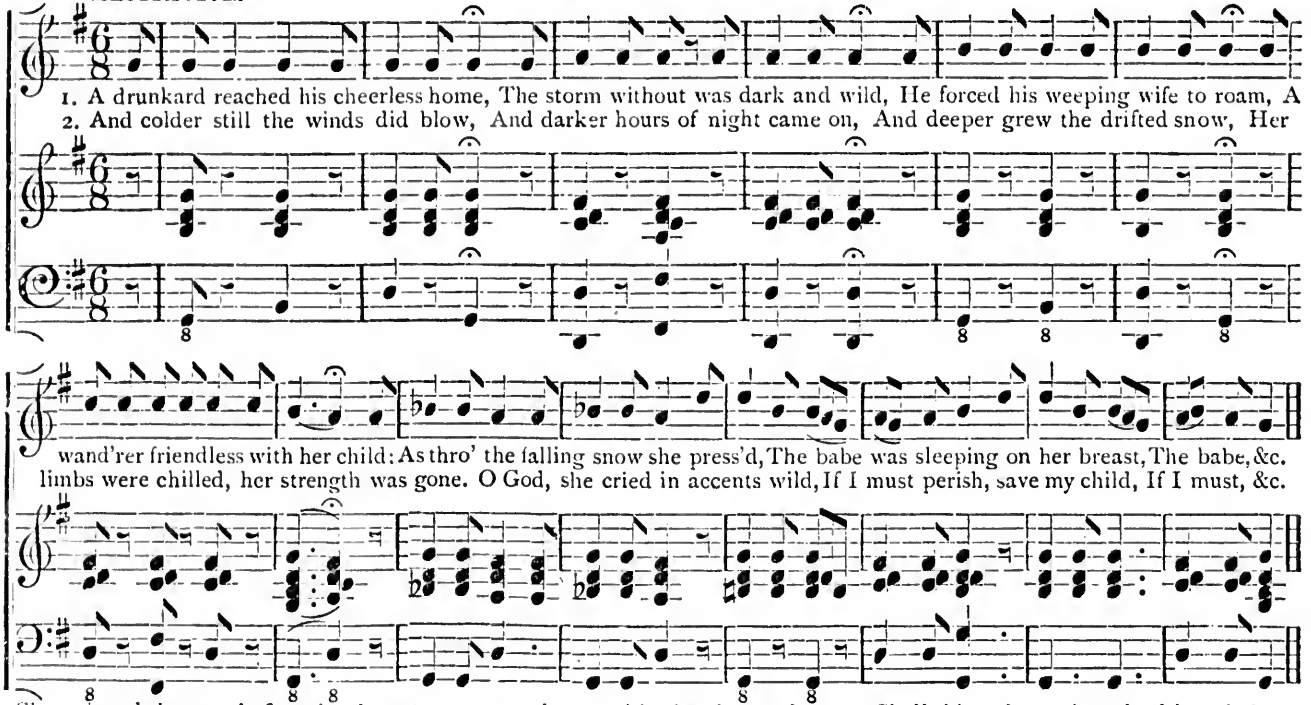
CHORUS. Con Spirito.




Moderato.
1. Long mis - guid - ed men have wan- dered In a dark and drea - ry way,
2. Drunkard! long for - lorn and blight - ed, Keen-ly hast thou felt the sting,
3. Tho' the ty - rant holds his sta - tion, Tho' he smile with as - pect fair,
pp
Now they ral - ly round thy stand - ard, Now they see thy bright-er day; Love - ly Temp'rance,
Join our cause! if once u - ni - ted, Bless-ings in thy path will spring, Join our stand - ard,
Touch ye not his foul temp - ta - tion, Shun the first, the fa - tal snare, No - bly fight - ing,
pp
And sub - mit to thee thy sway, thy mild sway.
From thy soul the bond - age fling, bond - age fling.
Drive the de - mon from his lair. from his lair.

RECITATIVE.

RENOUNCE THE CUP.



She stripped the mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
‖: The broken-hearted found relief. :‖

At morn her cruel husband passed,
And saw her on her snowy bed,
Her tearful eyes were closed at last,
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled;
He raised the mantle from the child,
‖: The babe looked up, and sweetly smiled.

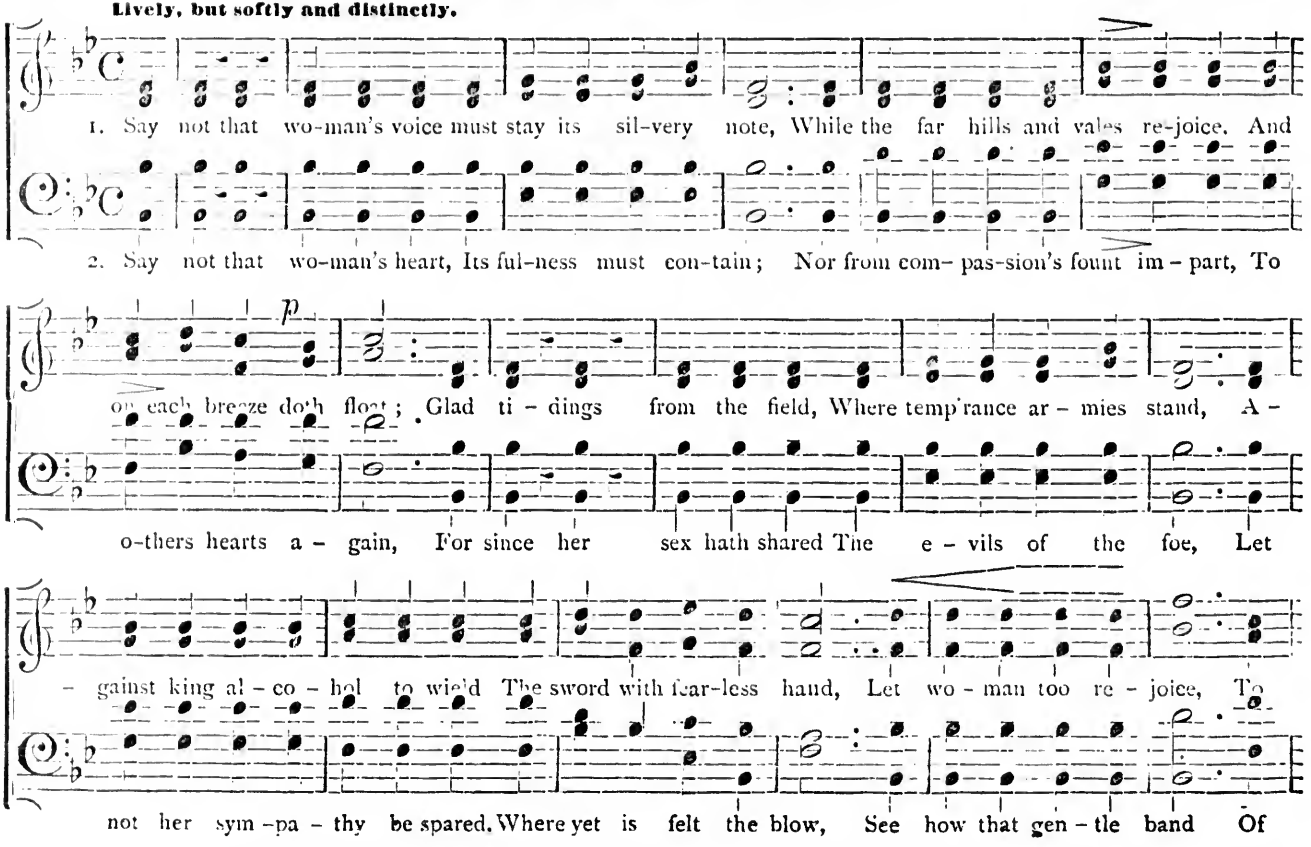
Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you;
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
No more your dreadful way pursue:
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
‖: Immortal soul, why will you die? :‖



3. May every drunkard join our band,
With feelings pure and right,
And sing while joining heart and hand,
Good night, good night, good night.

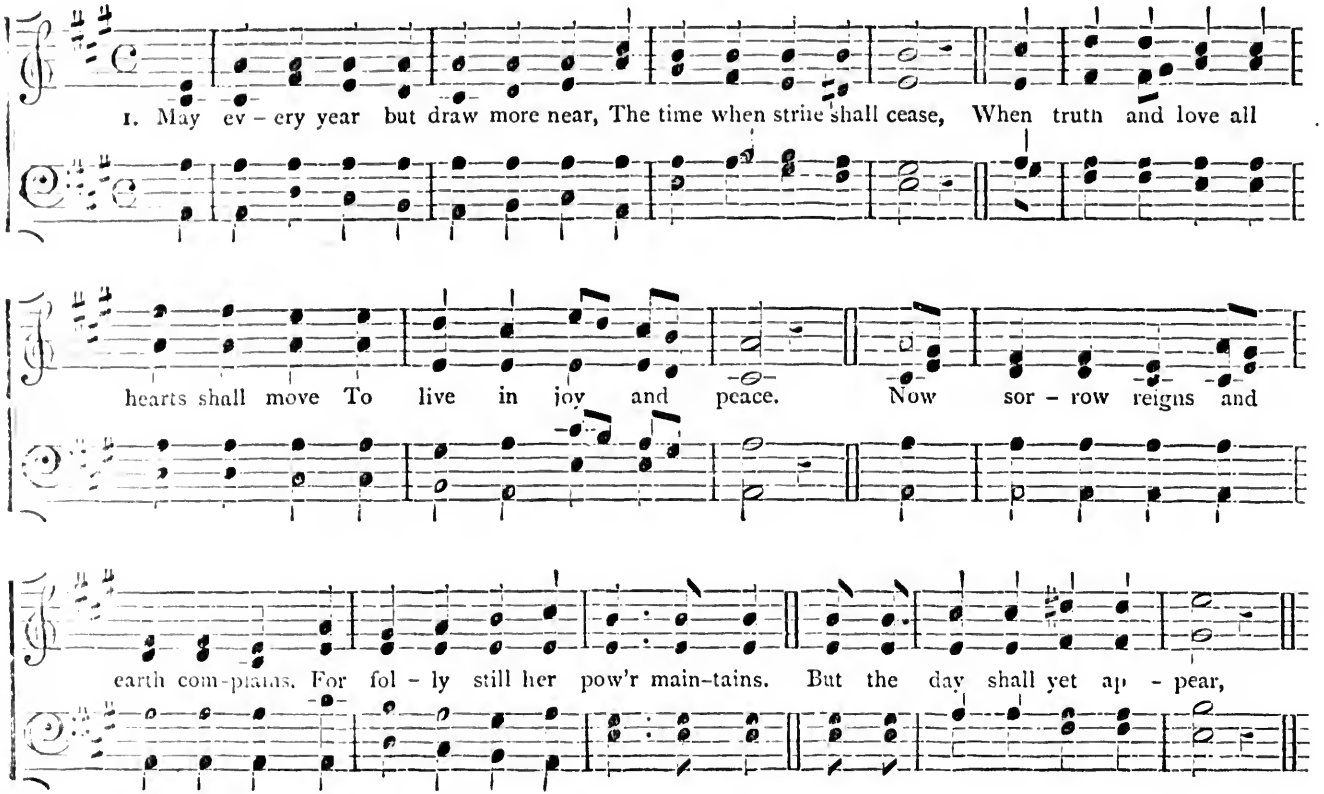
4. And, brethren, when we meet again,
O, may it bless our sight,
To see some drunkard saved — till then,
Good night, good night, good night.

Lively, but softly and distinctly.




see the foe re-cede; And let her in the 'still small voice,' The cause of temp'rance plead. And while the
sis – ters on-ward move, How in one cause have heart and hand, U-ni – ted works with love; Go now, do
thun- der tone of el – o-quence is stirred, Her whispered warning God may own, His voice thro' her's be
what ye can, And as by E – den's laws, Wo-man must be 'help meet for man,' So in the temp'rance
p
heard, Her whis- pered warn – ing God may own, His voice through hers be heard.
p
cause, Wo – man must be 'help meet for man,' So in the temp'-rance cause.

THE MIGHT WITH THE RIGHT.





2.

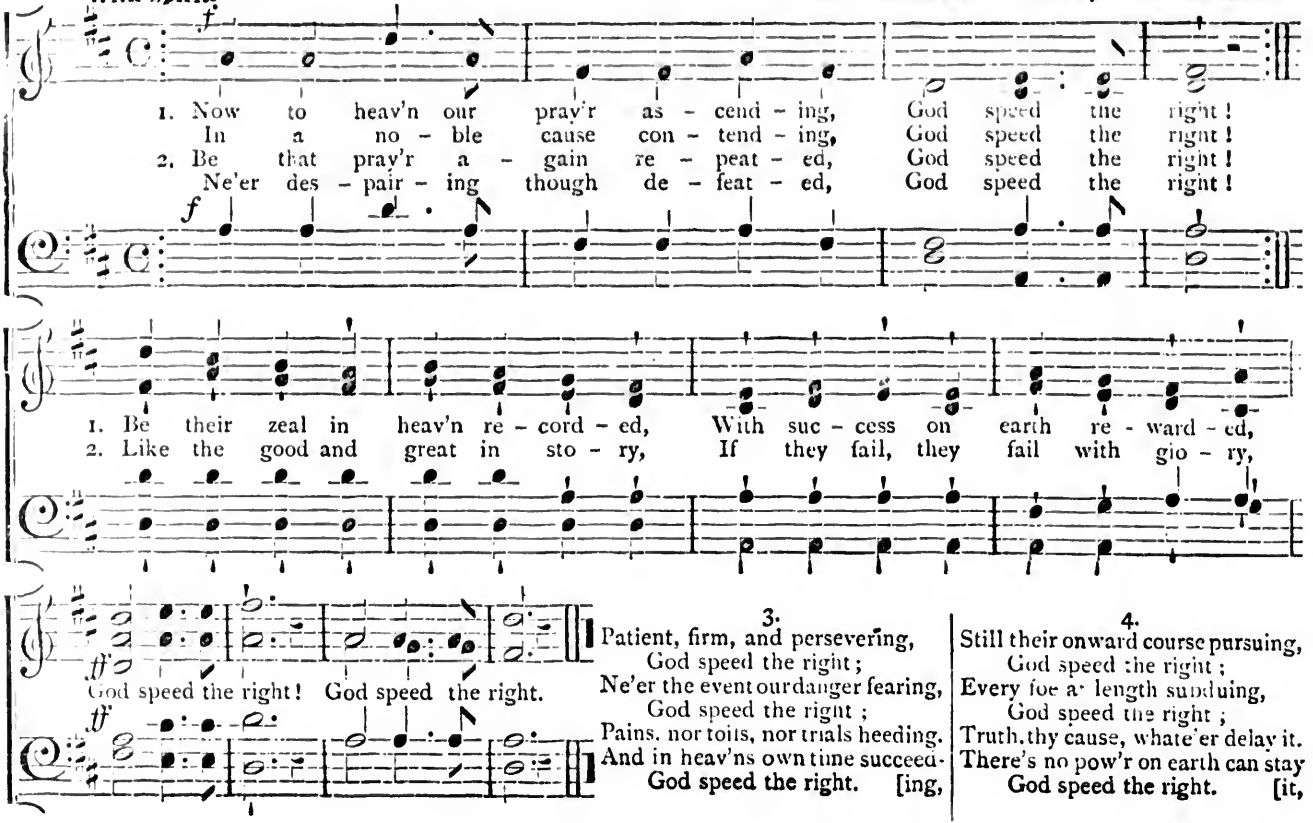
Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard,
To noble minds when duty binds
No sacrifice is hard;
In vain, and long, enduring wrong
The weak may strive against the strong.
Chorus.—But the day shall yet appear.

3.

Let good men ne'er of truth despair
Though humble efforts fail,
Oh give not o'er until once more
The righteous cause prevail;
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view.
Chorus.—And the day shall yet appear.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

From the German. Words by W. E. HICKSON.



3.

Patient, firm, and persevering,
God speed the right;
Ne'er the event our danger fearing,
God speed the right;
Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heav'ns own time succeeding,
God speed the right.

4.

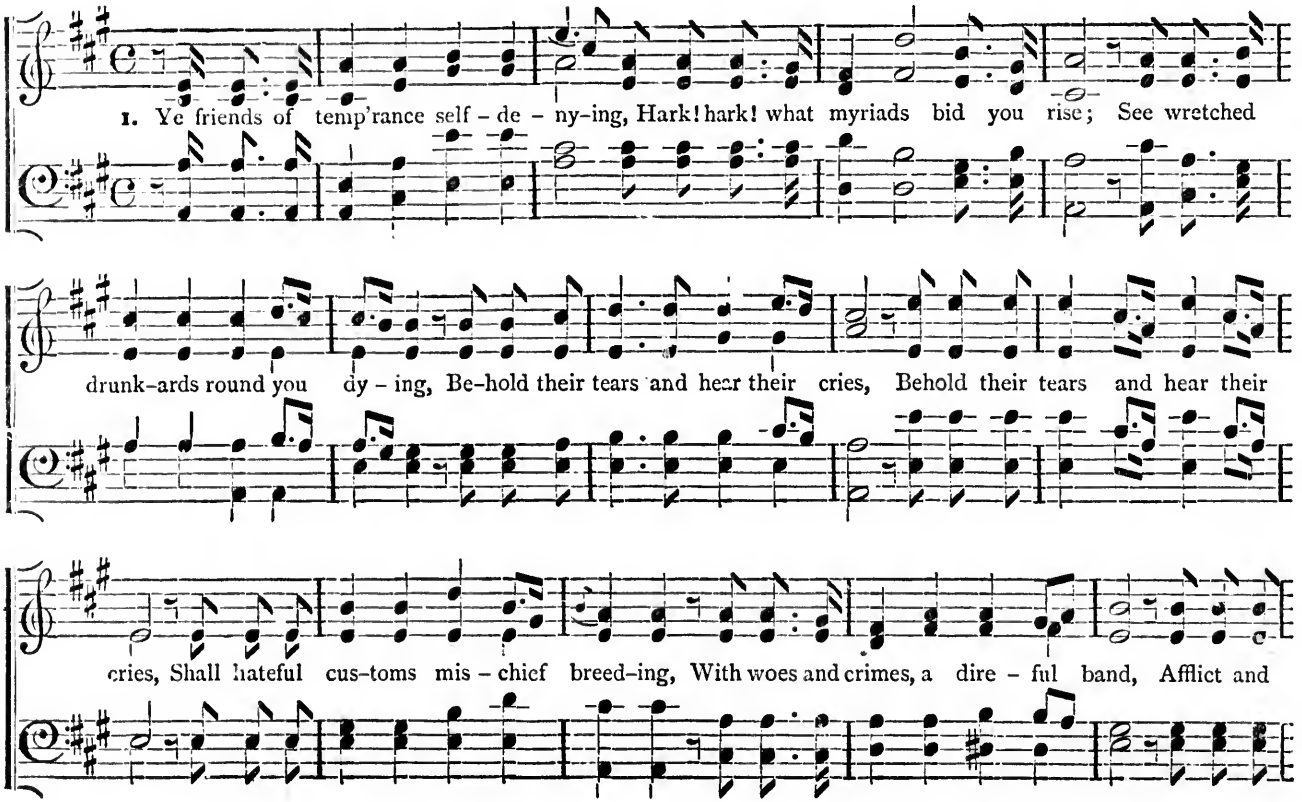
Still their onward course pursuing,
God speed the right;
Every foe at length subduing,
God speed the right;
Truth, thy cause, whate'er delay it,
There's no pow'r on earth can stay it,
God speed the right.

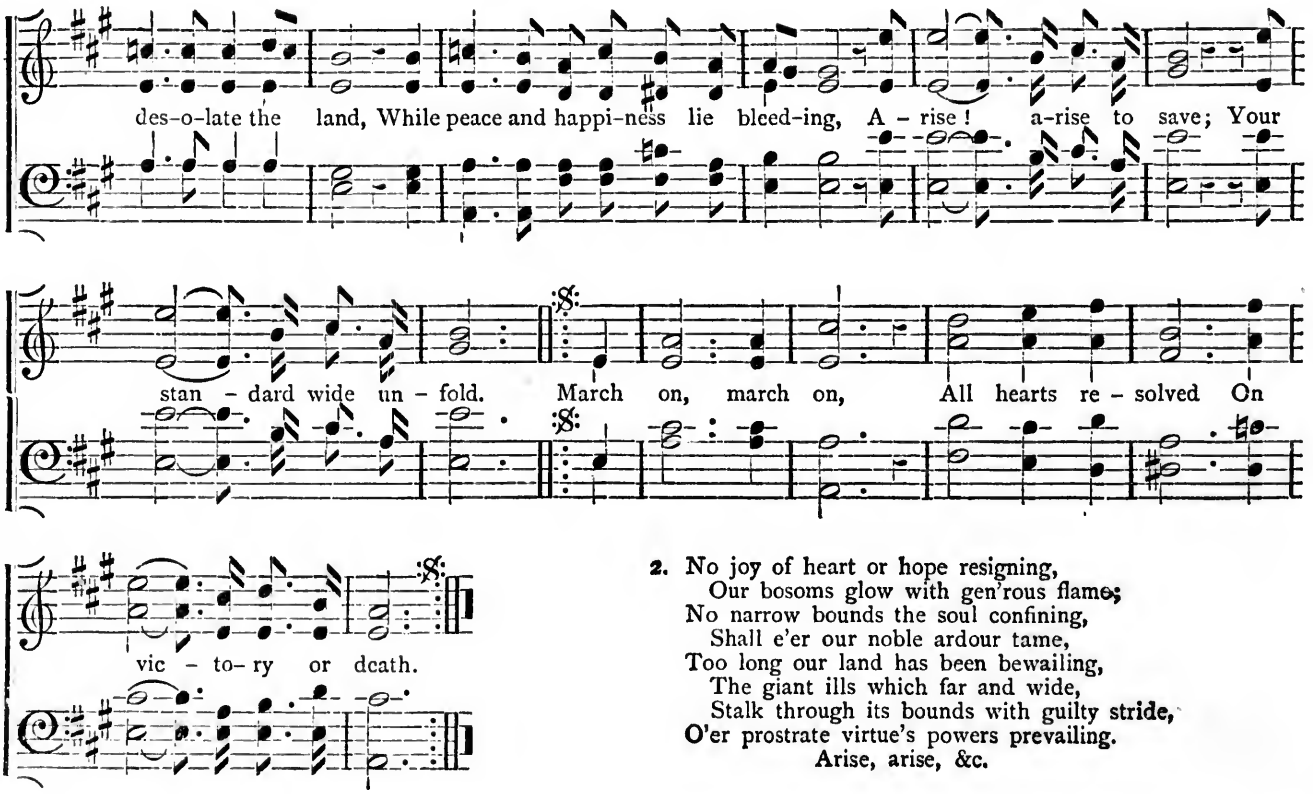


2. There 's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by,
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
O ! the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by,
While the days, etc.

3. All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.
While the days, etc.

ARISE! ARISE TO SAVE.



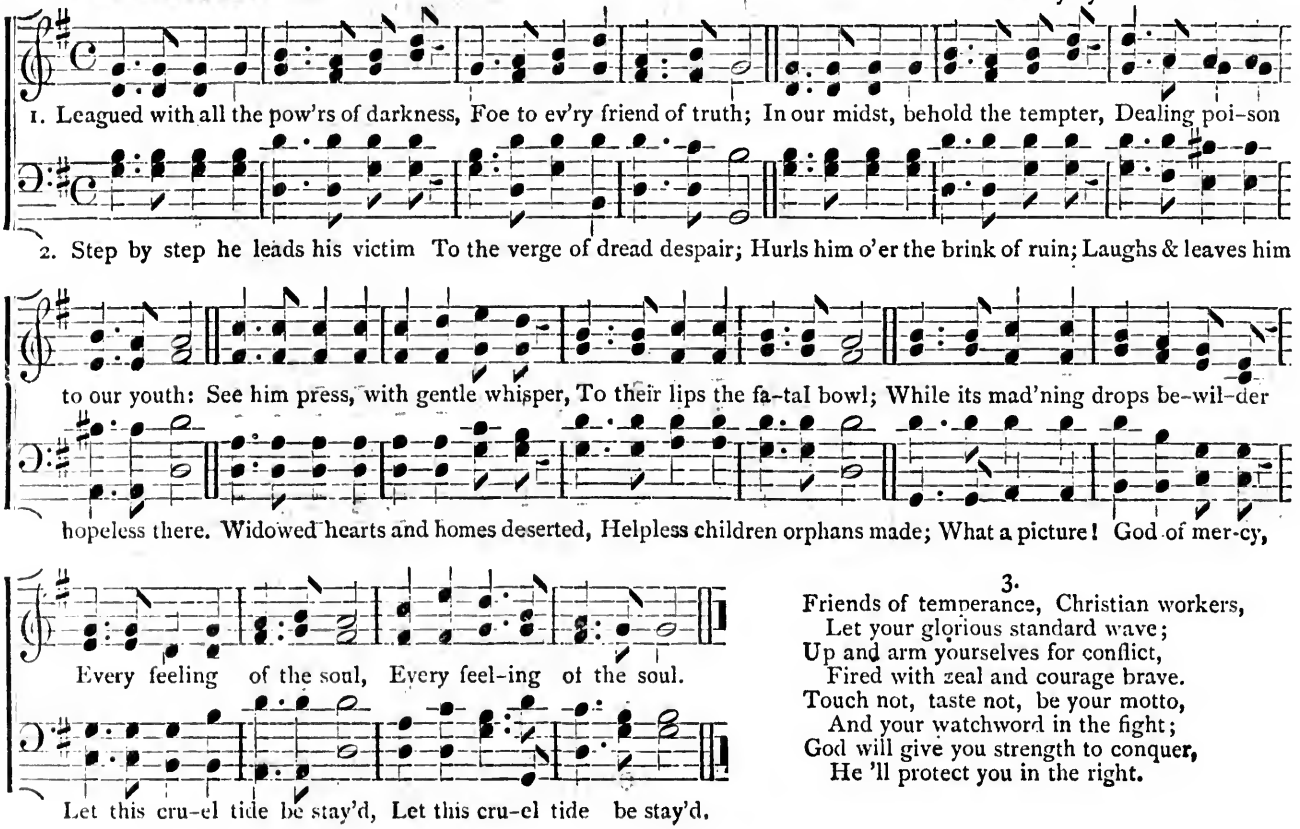


2. No joy of heart or hope resigning,
Our bosoms glow with gen'rous flame;
No narrow bounds the soul confining,
Shall e'er our noble ardour tame,
Too long our land has been bewailing,
The giant ills which far and wide,
Stalk through its bounds with guilty stride,
O'er prostrate virtue's powers prevailing.
Arise, arise, &c.

TEMPERANCE MISSION.

May be sung as a Solo.

Melody by S. M. GRANNIS.

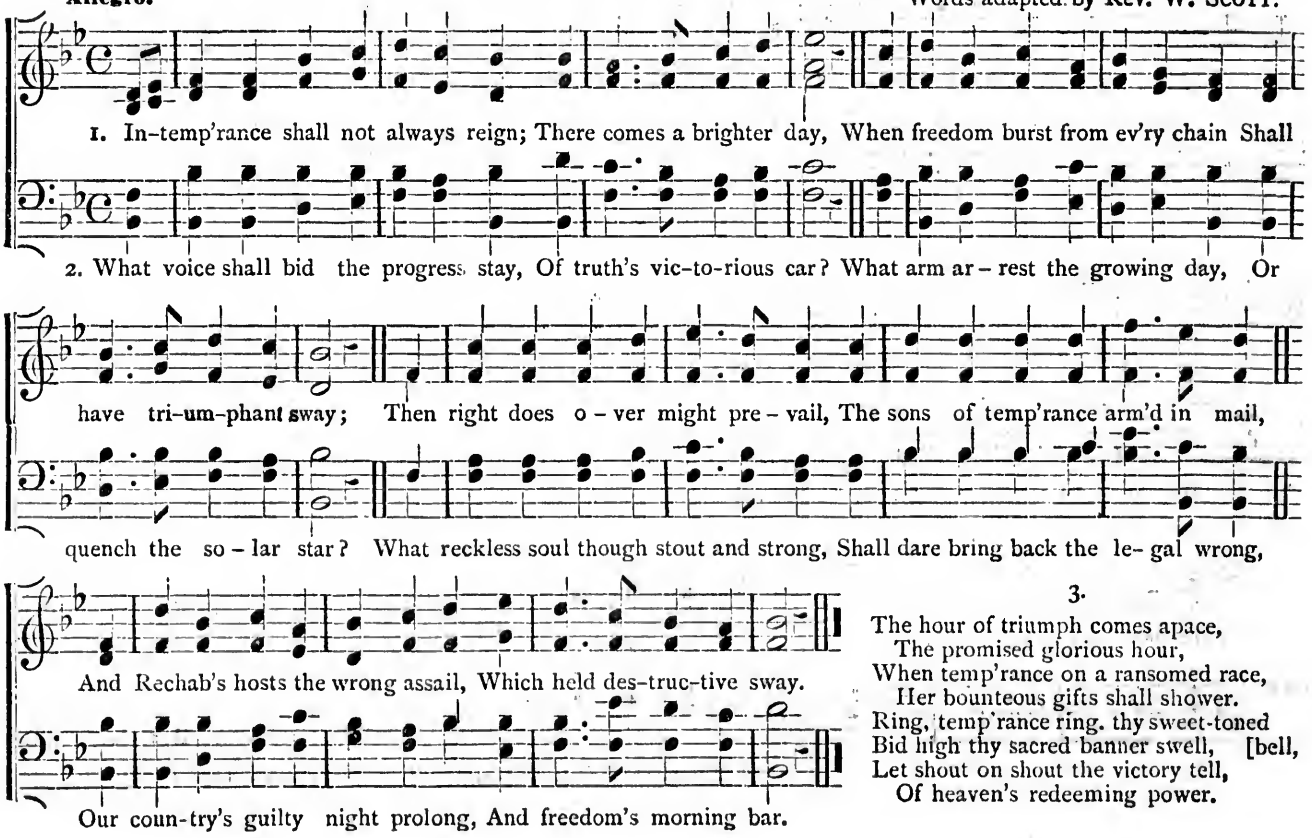


3.

Friends of temperance, Christian workers,
Let your glorious standard wave;
Up and arm yourselves for conflict,
Fired with zeal and courage brave.
Touch not, taste not, be your motto,
And your watchword in the fight;
God will give you strength to conquer,
He 'll protect you in the right.

Allegro.

Words adapted by Rev. W. Scott.

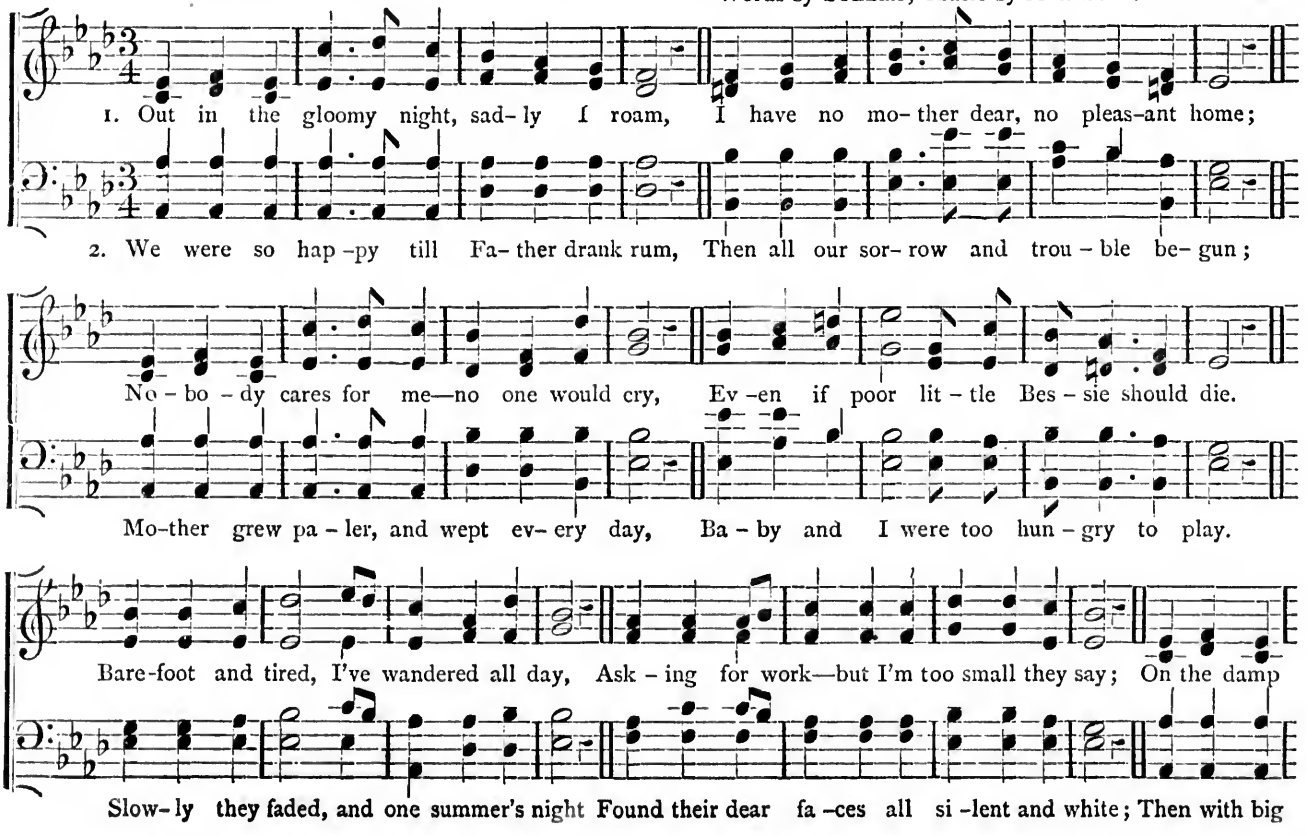


3.

The hour of triumph comes apace,
The promised glorious hour,
When temp'rance on a ransomed race,
Her bounteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, temp'rance ring, thy sweet-toned [bell,
Bid high thy sacred banner swell,
Let shout on shout the victory tell,
Of heaven's redeeming power.

Father's a Drunkard and Mother is Dead.

Words by STELLA; Music by Mrs. E. A. PARKHURST.





3.

Oh, if the "Temp'rance men" only could find
Poor, wretched Father, and talk very kind—
If they could stop him from drinking—why, then
I should be so very happy again.
Is it too late? "Men of Temp'rance," please try,
Or poor little Bessie may soon starve and die.
All the day long I've been begging for bread—
"Father 's a Drunkard, and Mother is dead."—Cho.

TEMPERANCE BATTLE SONG.

Words by Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. Music by Carl Wilhelm.





2.

This foe to God and foe to man,
We will for ever seek to ban—
To save the ages yet unborn
From this foul heritage of scorn.
We pledge our hearts, etc.

3.

Too long before the power of wine,
As at a horrid Moloch shrine,
A countless host of victims fall,
And groan beneath its cursed thrall.
We pledge our hearts, etc.

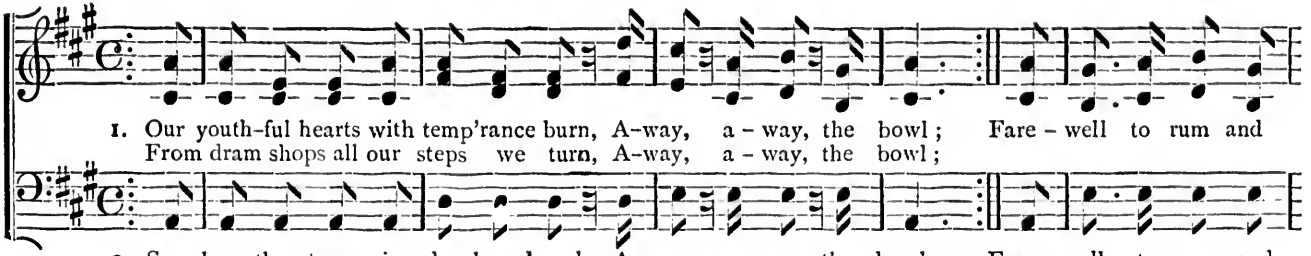
4.

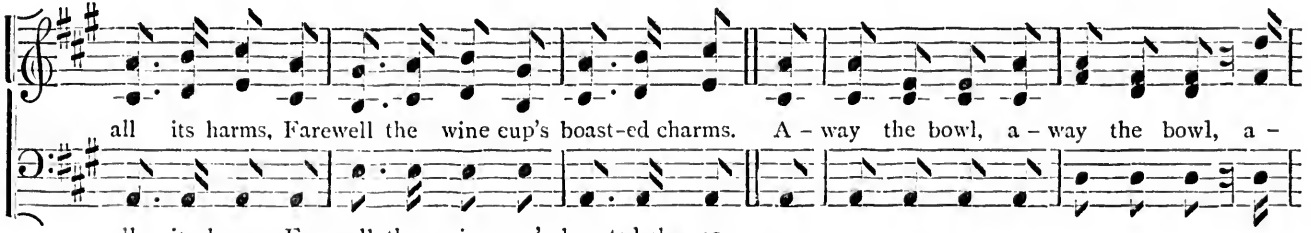
The monstrous fatal power we 'll foil,
And from our fair and virgin soil,
We swift must drive this vilest curse,
That scathes and blasts our universe.
We pledge our hearts, etc.

PLY THE OAR, BROTHER.

Arranged.









3.

Boys.—We drink no more, nor buy, nor sell,
Away, away, the bowl!
Girls.—The tippler's offers we repel,
Away, away the bowl.
Both.—United in a temperance band,
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand.
Away the bowl, away the bowl, away, away the bowl.

NO!

Bold, with decision.





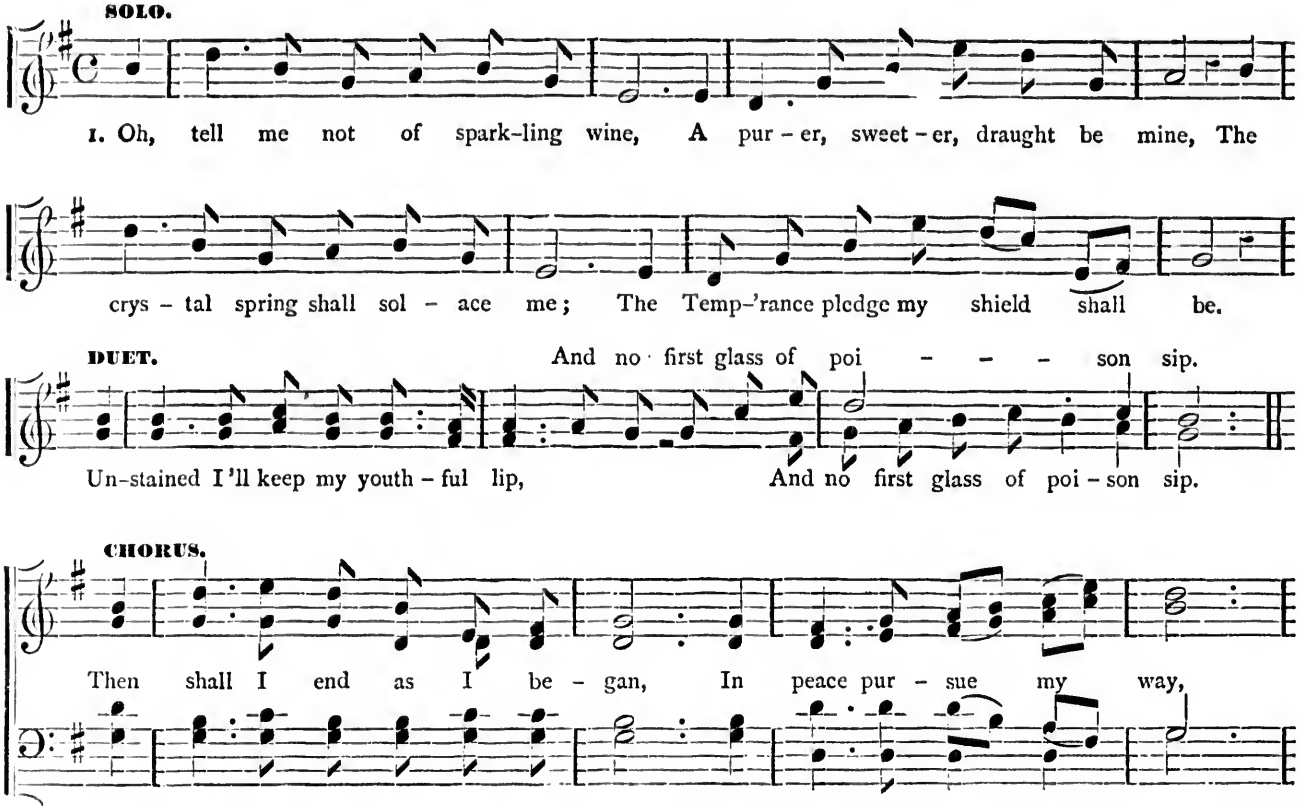
2. There is many a drunkard who reels through the street,
We can scarce walk at all but such victims we meet;
Who would never have looked such a picture of woe,
If when first asked to drink, he had boldly said "No!"

3. Some say No! so faintly, we cannot but guess
That N, O, in their case means Y, E, S, yes,
If we 'd live sober lives we decision should show,
And reply in firm tones, unmistakably, "No."

4. Oh, how much it would save both in money and fame,
How often 't would keep from remorse and from shame;
If we checked at the first liquor's stream in its flow,
And turned it by saying indignantly—"No."

5. Then lasses and lads, heed the word though so small,
When invited to drink, you 'll be safe from its thrall,
And onward in health and prosperity go,
Protected and saved by the syllable "No."

THE FIRST GLASS.





2. The Bible says that drunkards ne'er
The bliss of Paradise shall share:
That wine 's a mocker, and at last
Will bind its wretched victims fast:
Then let me in life's morning say—
Shun the first glass that would betray.
Chorus.—Then shall I, etc.

3. The one first step that leads astray,
Is often in a flowery way,
And oft the drunkard's progress shows,
Sin's growth and its reward of woes;
To save from Habit's glass accursed,
In childhood we will shun the first.
Chorus.—Then shall I, etc.

ROUSE TO DUTY. (*Tune*—"Arise, arise to Save." *Page 34.*) M. D. Bateman.

Ye friends of Temperance, rouse to duty,
Heed now the call that bids you rise;
Heed wives' and mothers' earnest pleading—
Behold their tears and hear their cries;
Behold their tears and hear their cries;
Shall selfish men, vile mischief breeding—
A heartless liquor-dealing band—
Afflict and desolate the land,
While pure and loving hearts are bleeding?

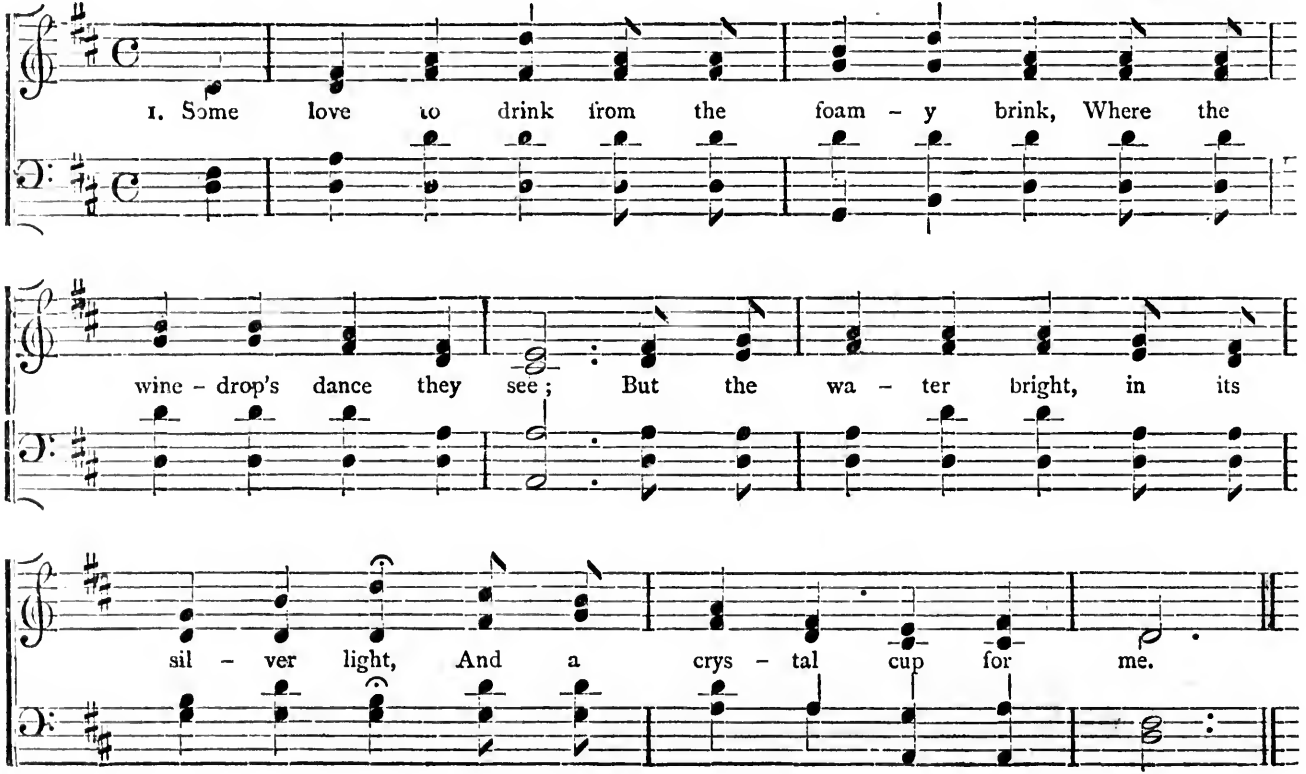
Chorus.—Arise ye friends of truth,
Gird on your armour bright,
Work on, work on, all hearts resolved

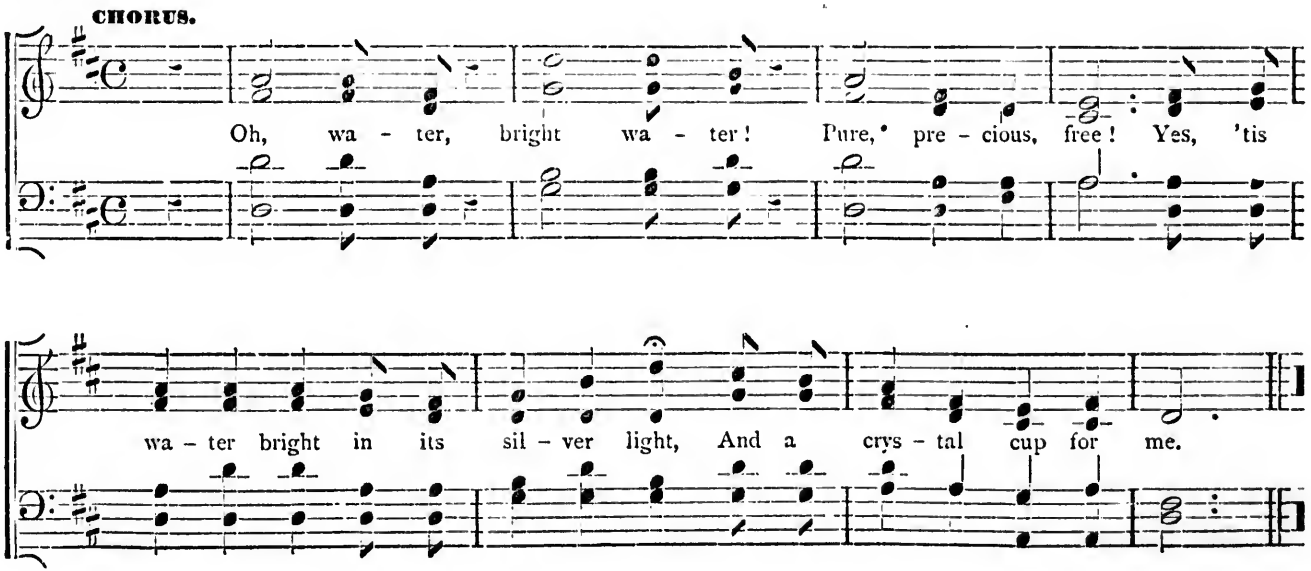
March on, the battle is Jehovah's,
Our Leader calls us on to-day;
His arm is strong, our cause will triumph;
Then let us work, and strive, and pray,
Till this dark curse be swept away.
Our enemies will yield before us,
Their work of sin and ruin cease,
And homes be blessed with love and peace,
For God and Right shall be victorious.

To conquer in His might;
Pray on, pray on, and God will give
The victory to the right.

SOME LOVE TO DRINK.

G. A. LITTLE.





2.

As pure as heaven is the water given,
'Tis for ever fresh and new;
'Tis distill'd in air, and it comes from there
In the shower and the dew.
Oh, water, etc.

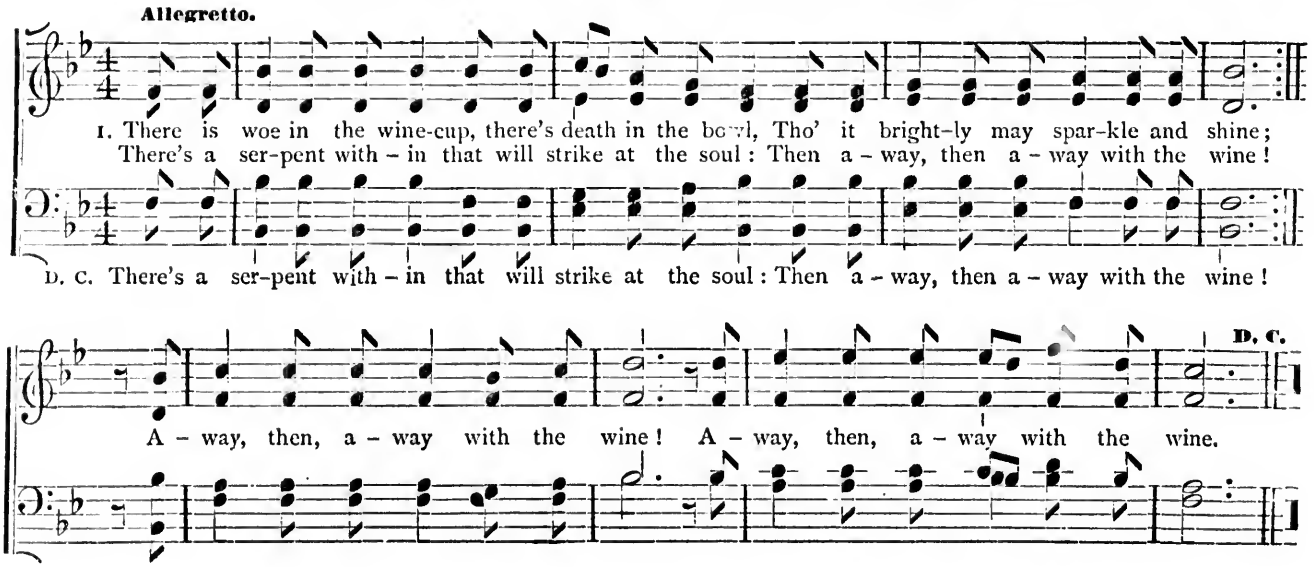
3.

They say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll seek,
For the worn rock owns its sway;
And we're borne along by its wings so strong
When it silent flees away.
Oh, water, etc.

4.

There's strength and glee in the mighty sea,
When the stormy winds do blow;
And a fearful sight is the cat'ract's might,
As it leaps the depths below.
Oh, water, etc.

AWAY WITH THE WINE.



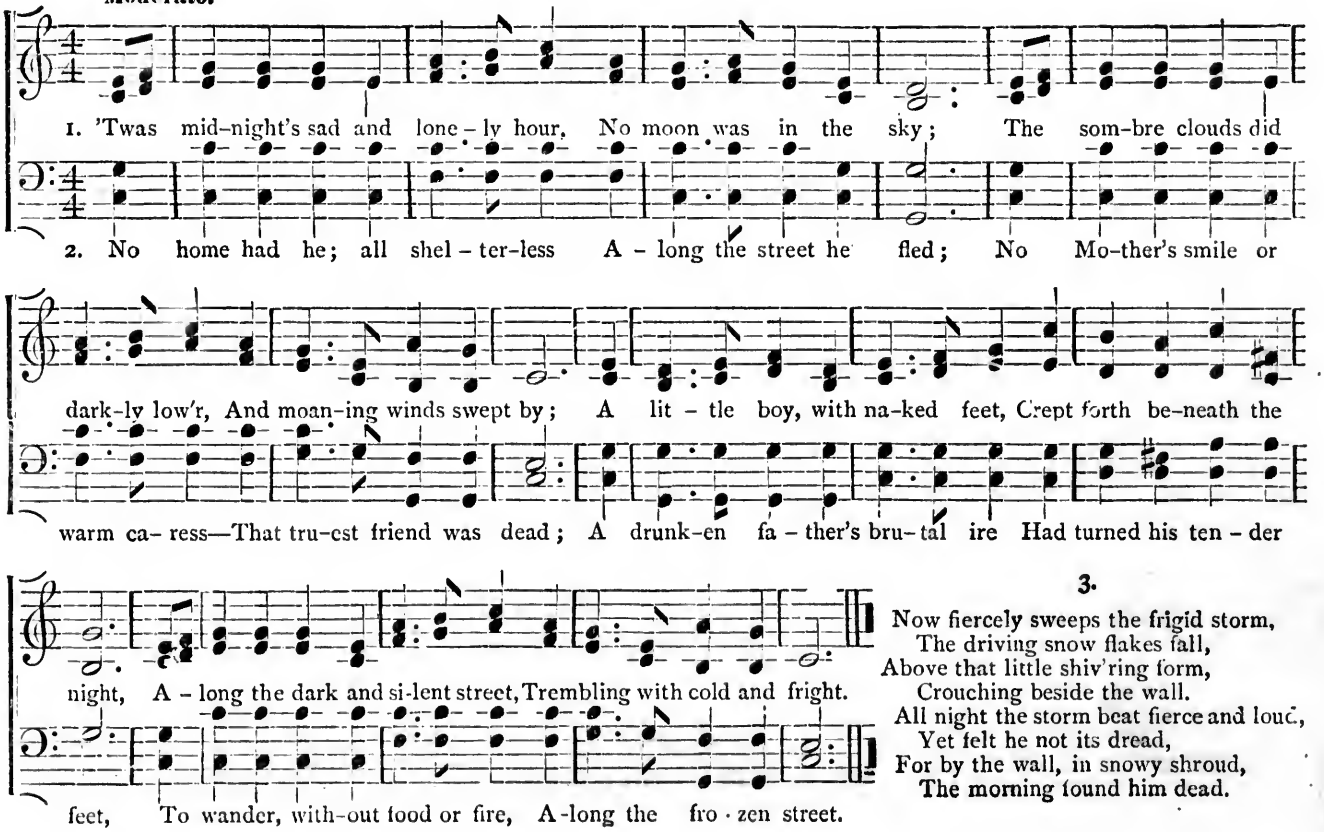
2.

There is death in the wine-cup: the tempter may smile,
And may seem for awhile half divine;
But there 's nothing on earth half so fiendish and vile
As the serpent that lurks in the wine.
Away, then, away with the wine,
Away, then, away with the wine.
For there 's nothing on earth half so fiendish and vile
As the serpent that lurks in the wine.

3.

Then arise, friends of Temp'rance, and strike for the right,
And in Faith, Hope, and Love combine,
Free the land that we love from the dramseller's blight—
From the demon that dwells in the wine.
Away then, away with the wine,
Away then, away with the wine.
Free the land that we love from the dramseller's blight—
From the demon that dwell in the wine.

Moderato.

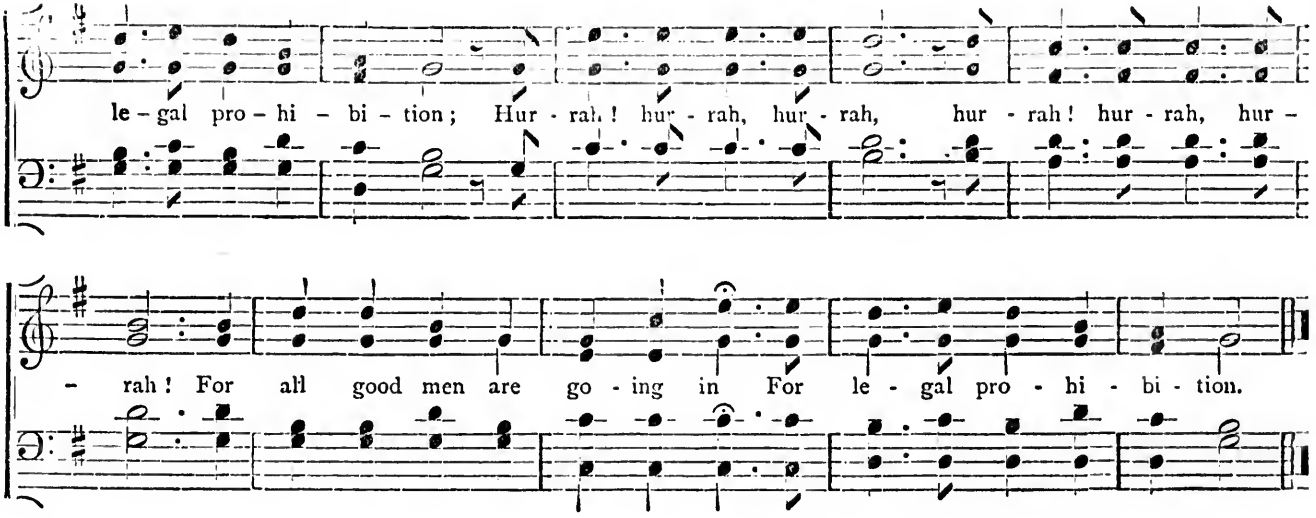


3.

Now fiercely sweeps the frigid storm,
The driving snow flakes fall,
Above that little shiv'ring form,
Crouching beside the wall.
All night the storm beat fierce and loud,
Yet felt he not its dread,
For by the wall, in snowy shroud,
The morning found him dead.

HURRAH FOR PROHIBITION.





2.

We 've tried persuasion long enough,
No use to try it longer;
It will not stop the traffic, and
We must have something stronger.
The heartless fiends who make and sell
The bev'rage of perdition.
Must have their "breathing holes of hell"
Shut up by prohibition.
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

3.

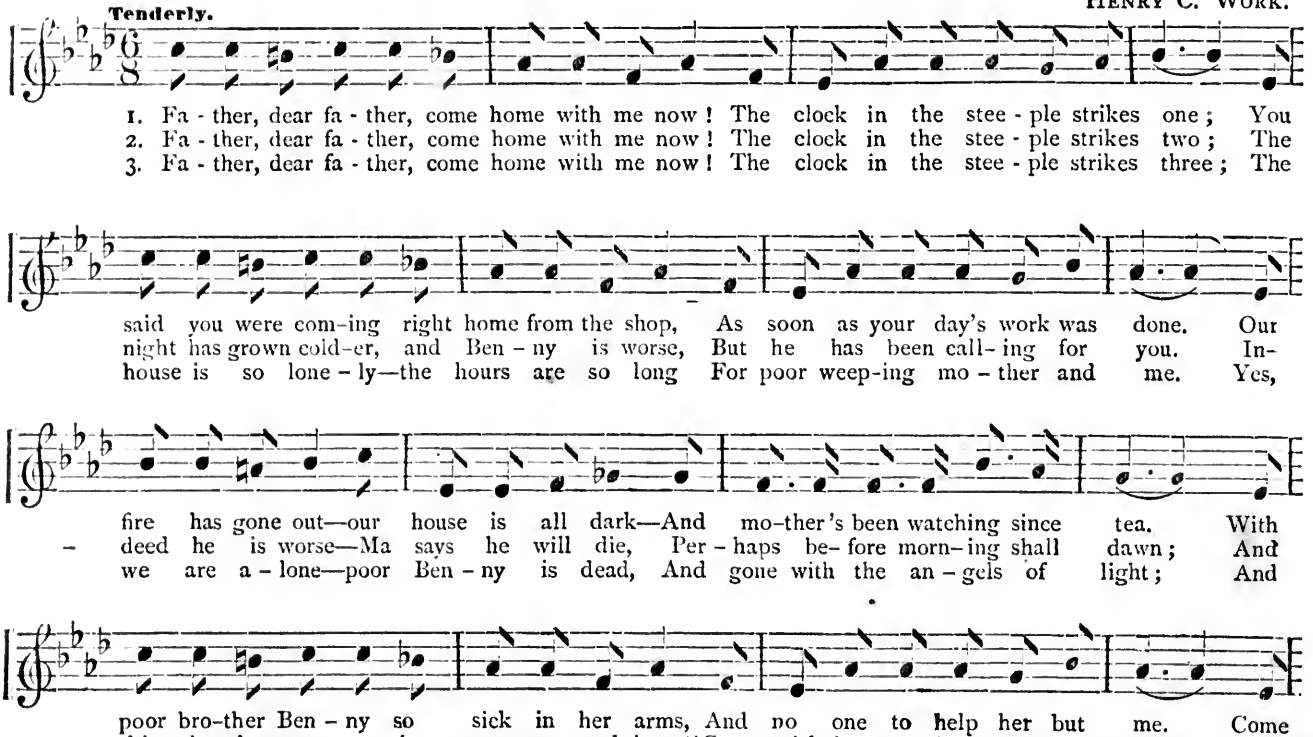
Too long king Alcohol has reigned,
All moral suasion scorning;
Too long his murd'rous savages
Have filled the land with mourning.
Rum-sellers care not for our prayers,
Or tears, or admonition;
But there's a pow'r can make them quake—
'Tis legal prohibition.
Hurrah, hurrah, etc.

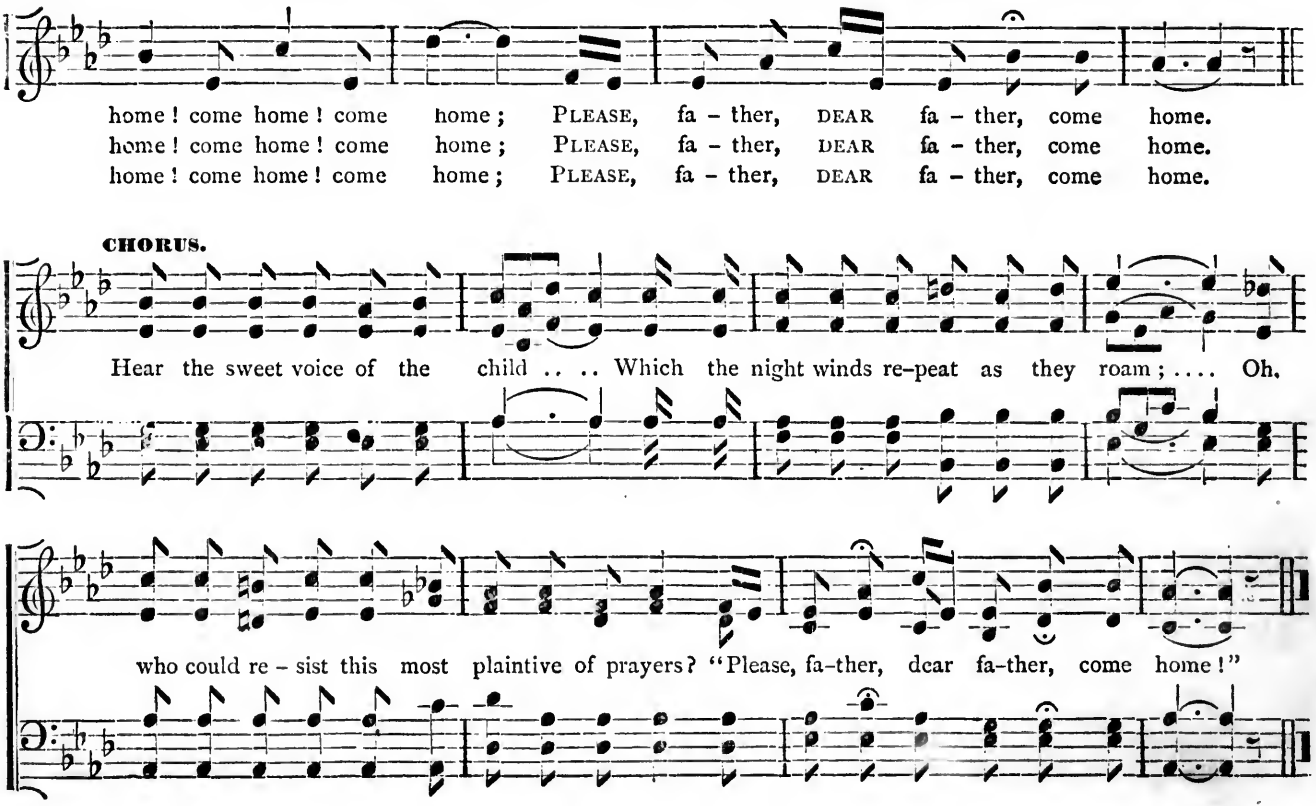
4.

No scoffs of foes or doubts of friends
Shall weaken our endeavour,
To brand the traffic with disgrace,
And wipe it out for ever.
Right on shall go the noble work,
Until its full completion;
We 'll "fight it out upon the line"
Of TOTAL prohibition.
Hurrah, huurah, etc.

COME HOME, FATHER.

HENRY C. WORK.




home ! come home ! come home ; PLEASE, fa – ther, DEAR fa – ther, come home.
home ! come home ! come home ; PLEASE, fa – ther, DEAR fa – ther, come home.
home ! come home ! come home ; PLEASE, fa – ther, DEAR fa – ther, come home.
CHORUS.
Hear the sweet voice of the child Which the night winds re-peat as they roam ; Oh,
who could re – sist this most plaintive of prayers? "Please, fa-ther, dear fa-ther, come home !"

WINE IS A MOCKER.

Andantino. E. D. PEEBLES.



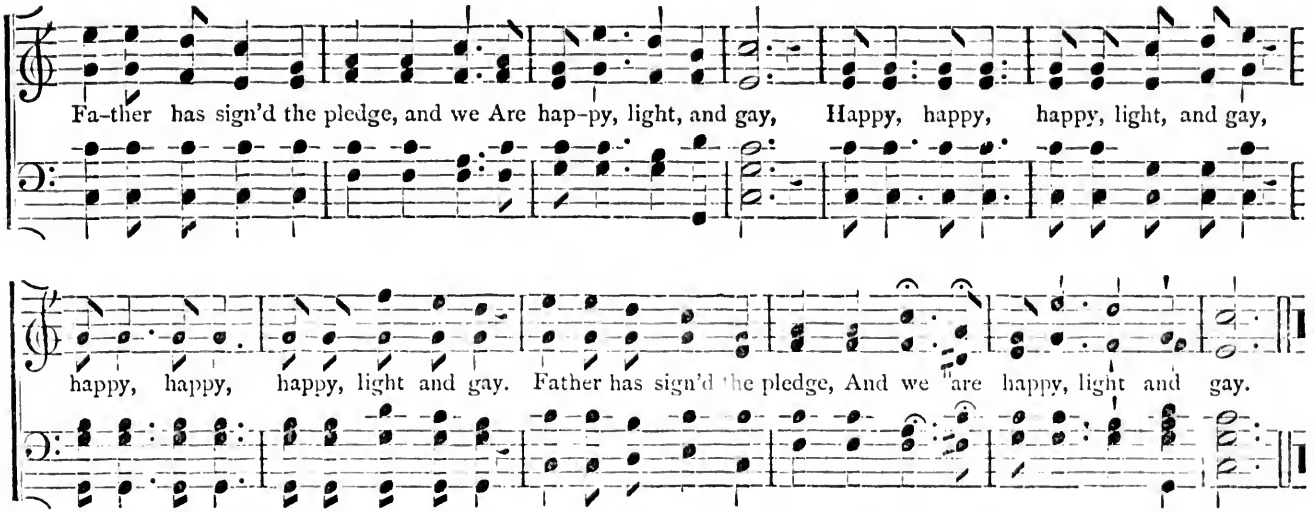

Who hath sor – row; Who hath con – ten – tions; Who hath bab – bling;
Who hath wounds with – out cause, They that tar – ry
Slow.
long at the wine Look not thou up – on the wine.

GLORIOUS NEWS.

SOLO or CHORUS.

Music by L. O. EMERSON.





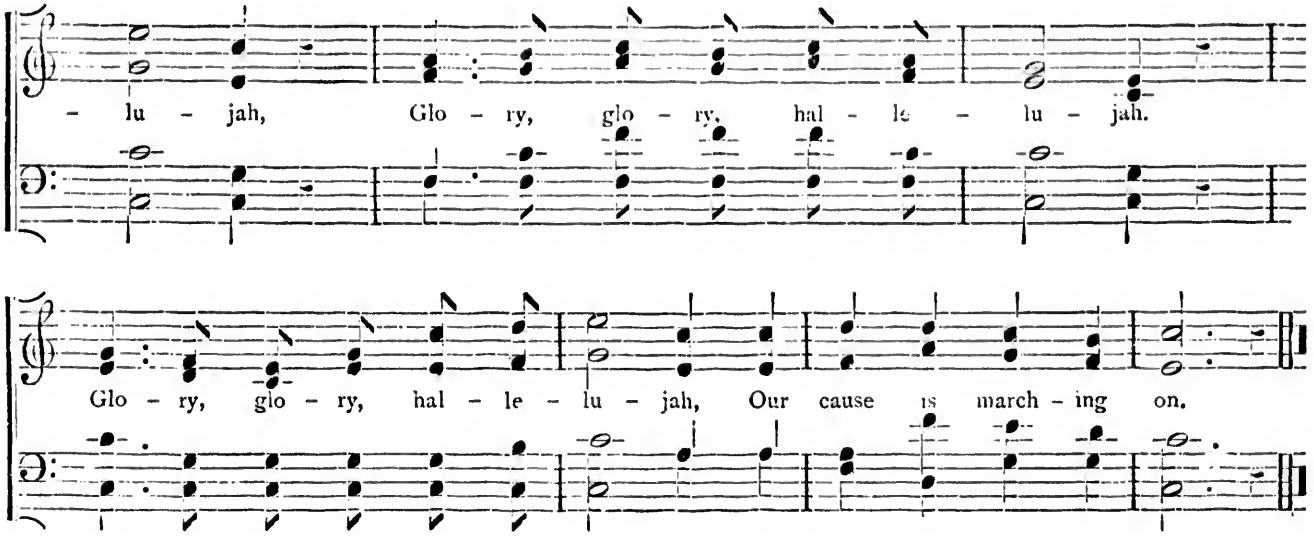
2. Many 's the sorrowing time we've had,
But such we 'll have no more;
For father has driv'n the demon out,
And locked and barred the door.
No more we 'll want for food and clothes,
No more we 'll mourn and sigh;
Our home shall be a home of peace,
With ev'ry comfort nigh.—Cho.

3. Now, thanks we raise to God on high,
For this great blessing given,
And earth to us henceforth shall be
The entrance door to heaven.
Sing loud and full, sing clear and free,
Let hill to valley call,
And bear upon the wings of wind,
The glorious news to all.—Cho.

HASTE TO THE RESCUE.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.





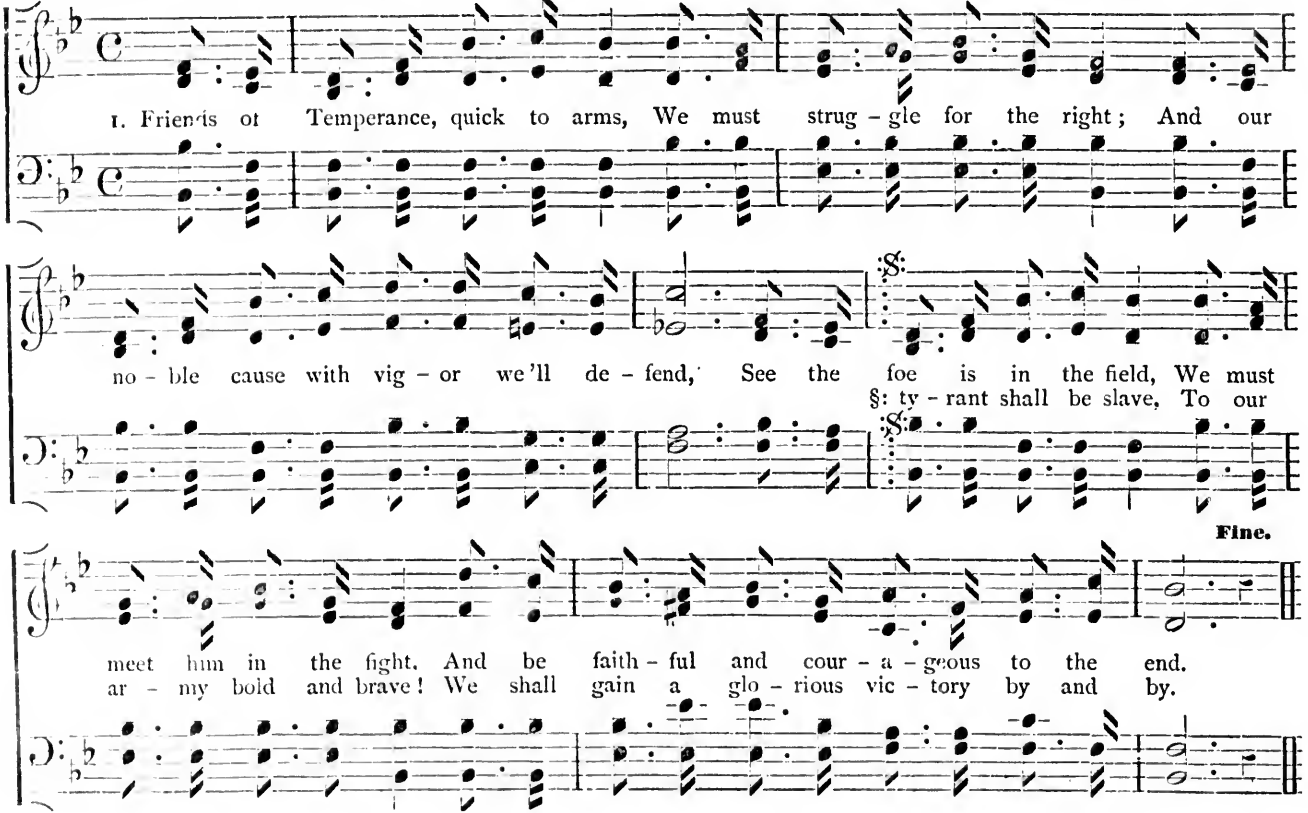
2. See how his banners gleam along the rank to-day!
How he hides his horrors 'neath the glittering display,
Wife and husband, children too, are caught and lured
To join the ranks of sin. [away,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
We 'll battle for the right.

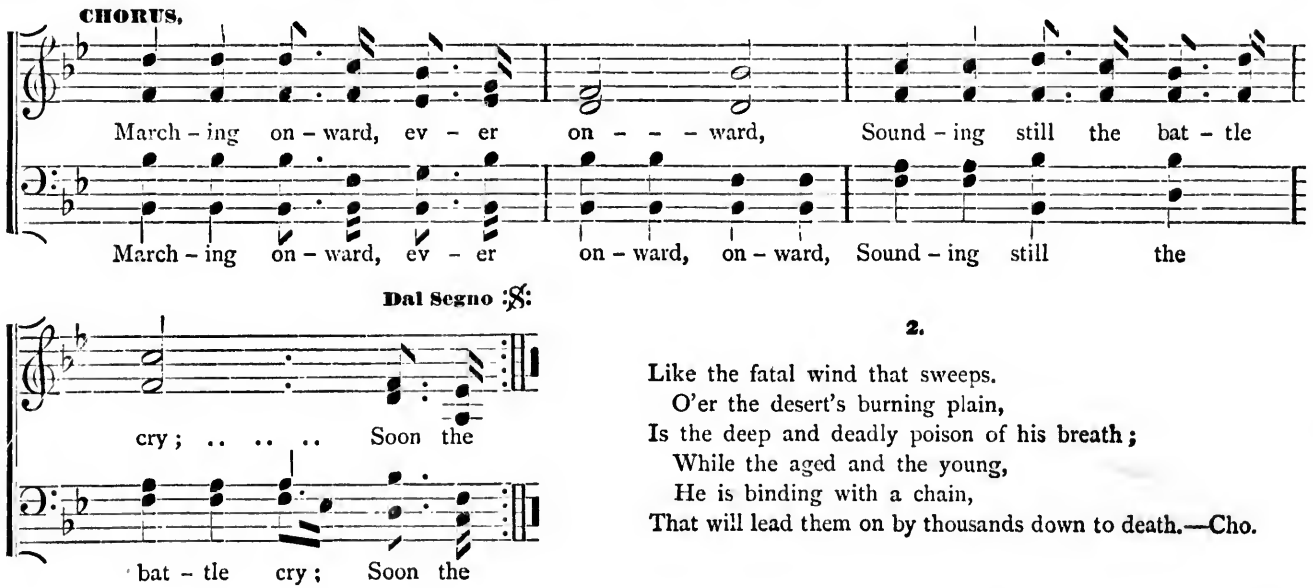
3. Let us to the rescue, now, before it is too late;
Let us save a comrade from so terrible a fate,
Death may be his portion, if to-morrow we but wait;
So fill the ranks to-day!
Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
We 'll battle for the right.

4. Strike, for the homes where peace can never enter in,
Strike, for the many souls that you may hope to win;
Strike, for the love of right, and for the hate of sin,
And God shall nerve the arm!
‖: Glory, glory, hallelujah, :‖ We 'll battle for the right.

TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

Words by Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE. Music by GEO. F. ROOT.





2.

Like the fatal wind that sweeps.
O'er the desert's burning plain,
Is the deep and deadly poison of his breath;
While the aged and the young,
He is binding with a chain,
That will lead them on by thousands down to death.—Cho.

3.

Throw our banner to the breeze,
Let the wrongs that claim redress,
Be our signal and our watchword as we go;
Like the veterans of the past,
We will never, never, rest,
Till our weapons deal destruction to the foe.–Cho.

4.

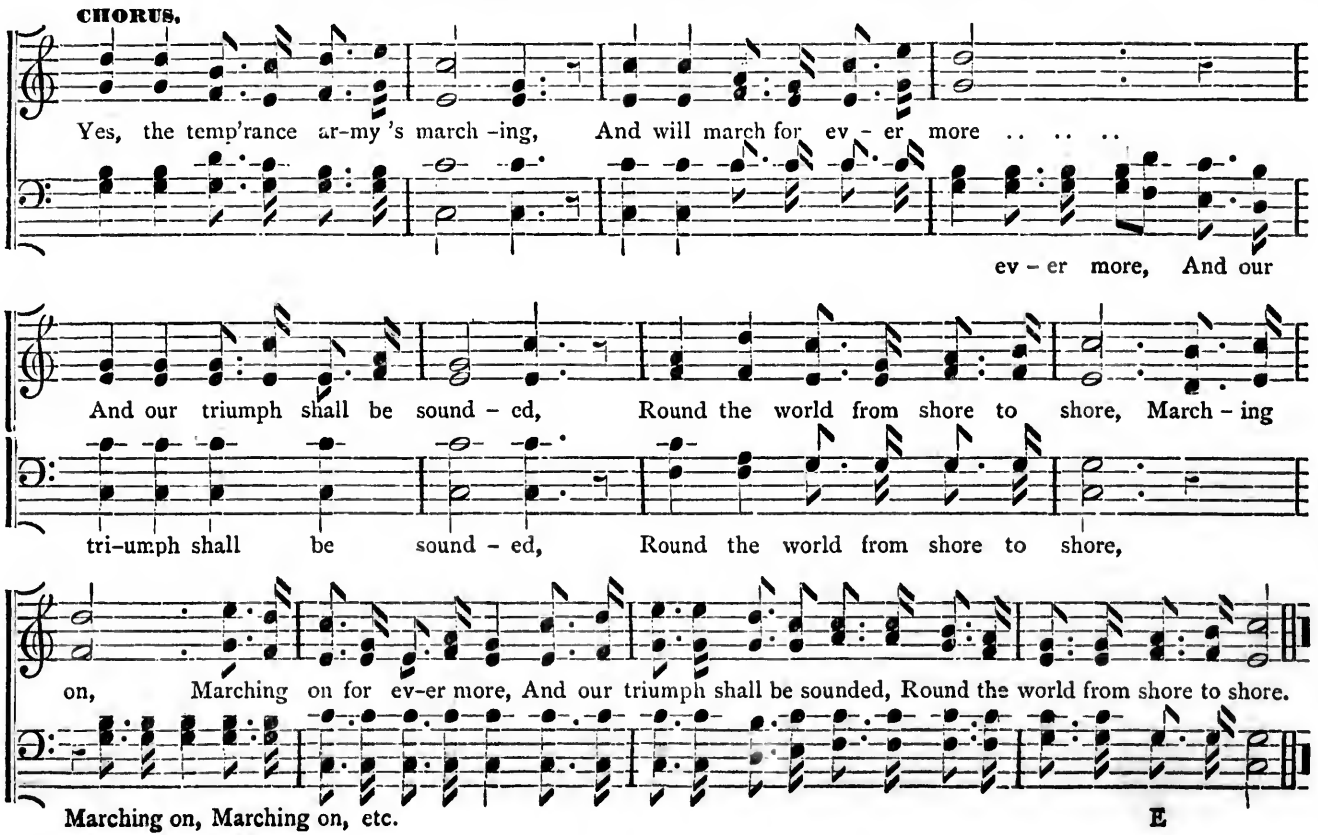
Friends of Temperance, quick to arms,
We must struggle for the right;
And our noble cause with vigour we 'll defend;
See the foe is in the field,
We must meet him in the fight,—
And be faithful and courageous to the end.—Cho.

THE TEMPERANCE ARMY.

J. M. KIEFFER.

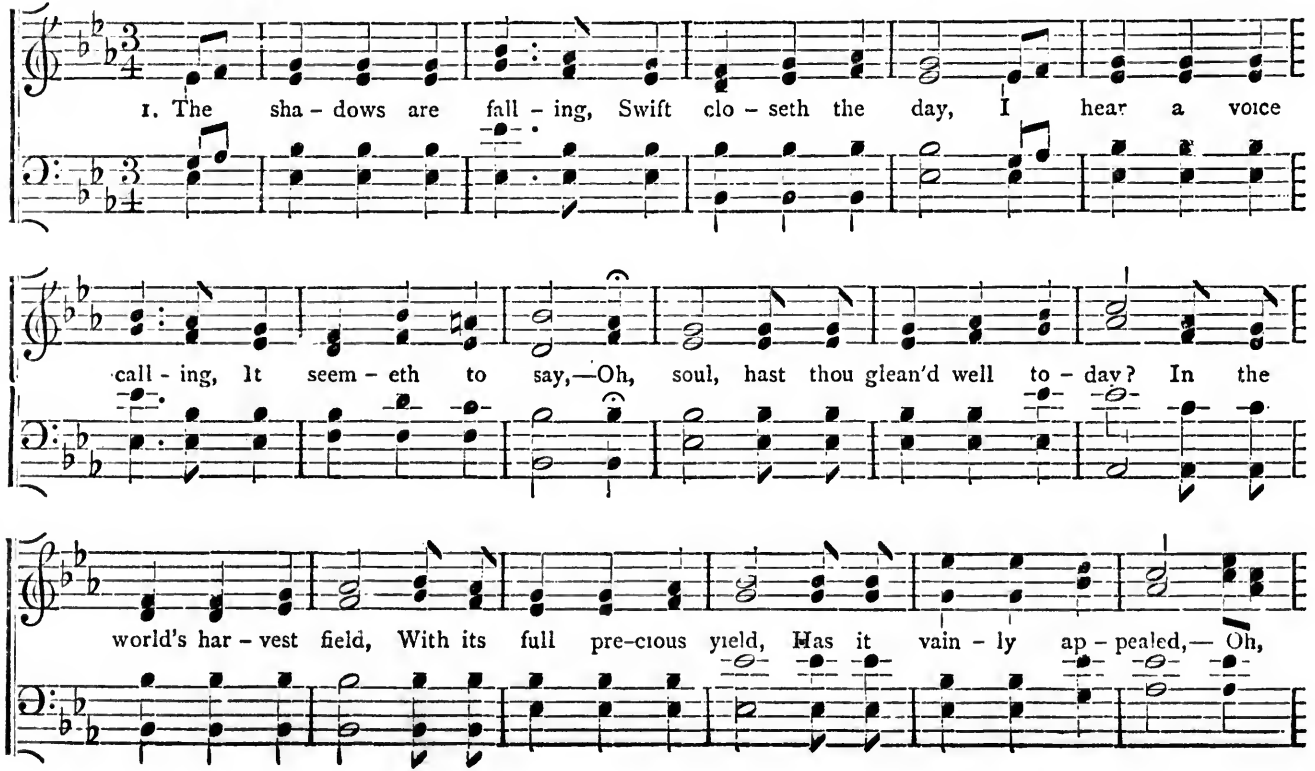
SOLO. March time.

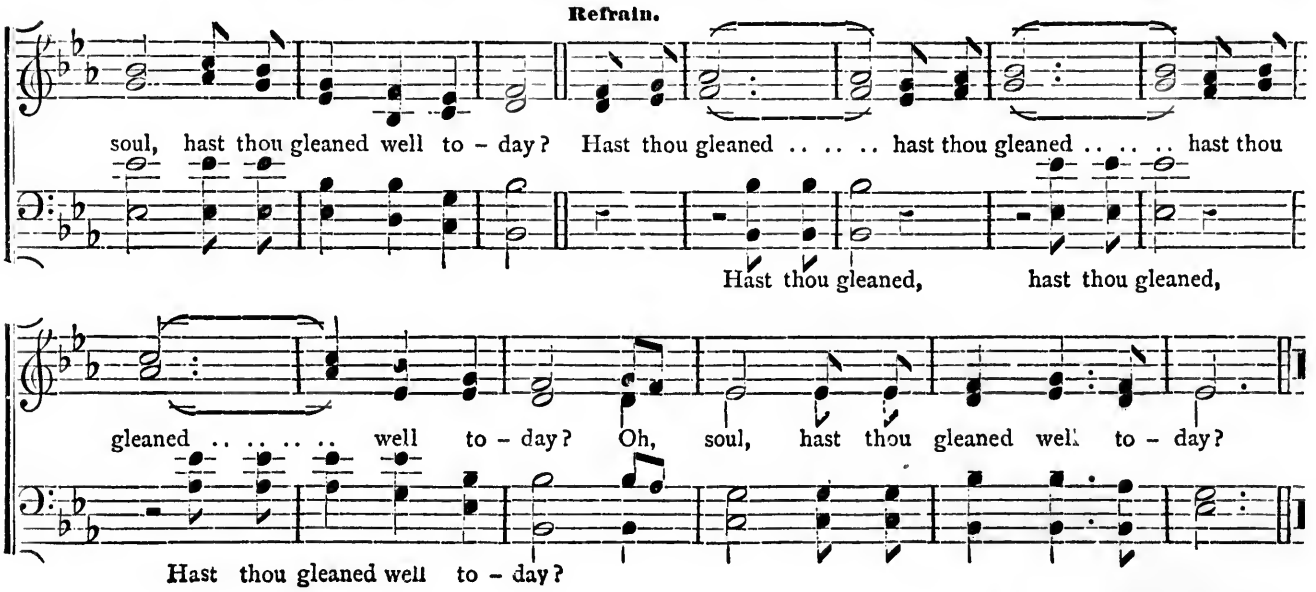



CHORUS.
Yes, the temp'rance ar-my 's march -ing, And will march for ev - er more
ev - er more, And our
And our triumph shall be sound - ed, Round the world from shore to shore, March - ing
tri-umph shall be sound - ed, Round the world from shore to shore,
on, Marching on for ev-er more, And our triumph shall be sounded, Round the world from shore to shore.
Marching on, Marching on, etc.

Hast Thou Gleaned Well To-day.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL. Rev. R. LOWRY.





2.

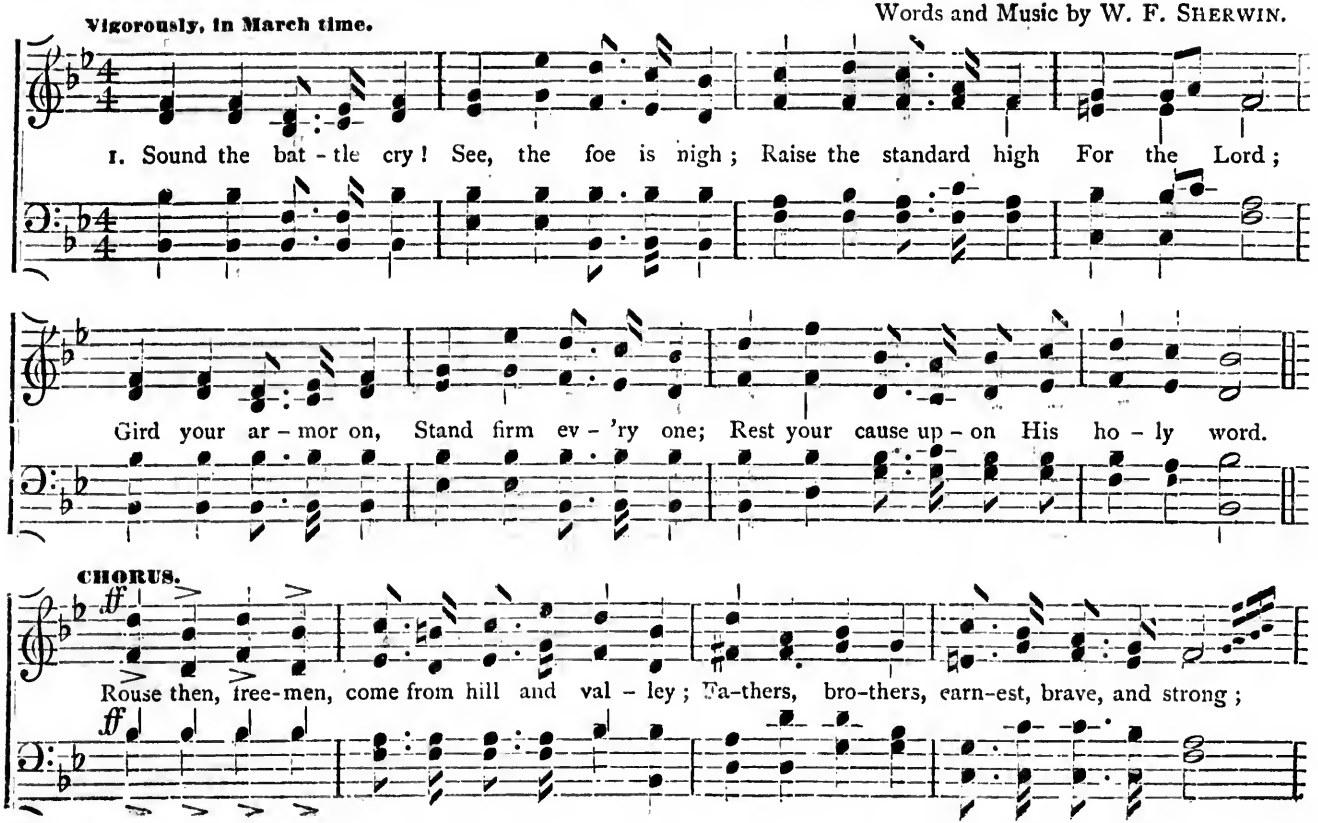
The day is departing, the darkness is here;
Ah! why am I starting, while heart beats with fear,
Soul, hast thou not gleaned well to-day?
In the world's busy throng,
Hast thou failed to be strong,
Weakly yielding to wrong,
Oh! hast thou not gleaned well to-day?
Hast thou gleaned, etc.

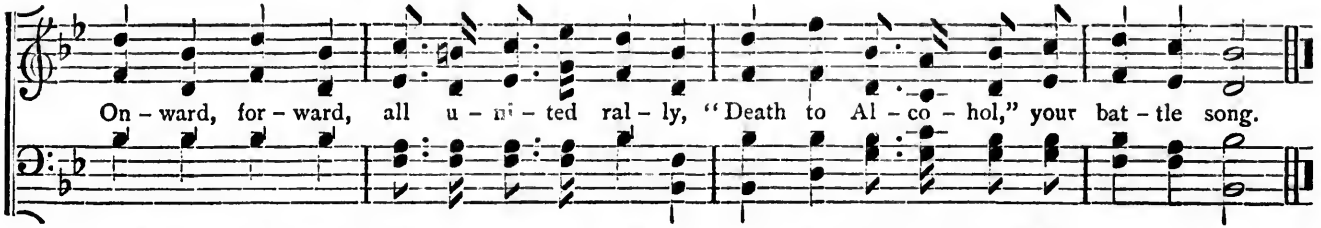
3.

The light is appearing, the darkness is gone,
For Jesus is nearing, and tender His tone,—
Oh, soul, in My might glean each day;
When the harvest is o'er,
Shall be joy evermore,
If the sheaves at thy door
Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day!
Hast thou gleaned, etc.

SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

Words and Music by W. F. SHERWIN.



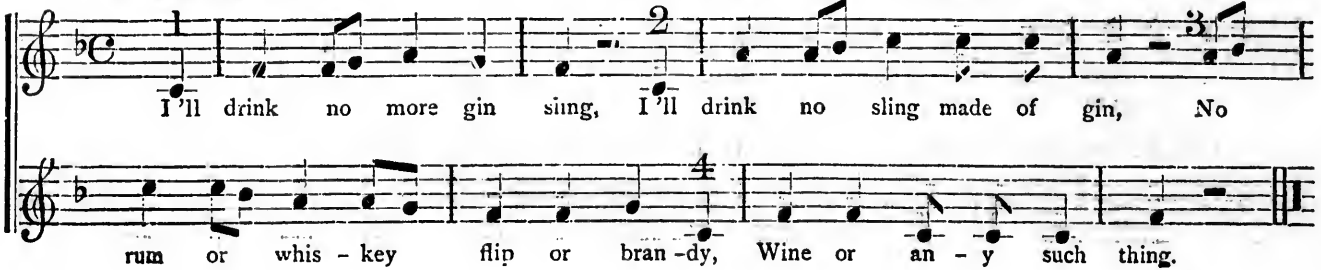


2. Strong to meet the foe,
Marching on we go,
While our cause we know
Must prevail;
Shield and banner bright
Gleaming in the light;
Battling for the right
We ne'er can fail.
Cho.—Rouse then, etc.

3. Oh, thou God of all,
Hear us when we call;
Help us one and all
By Thy grace;
When the battle's done,
And the vict'ry won,
May we wear the crown
Before Thy face.
Cho.—Rouse then, etc.

I'LL DRINK NO MORE. (ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.)

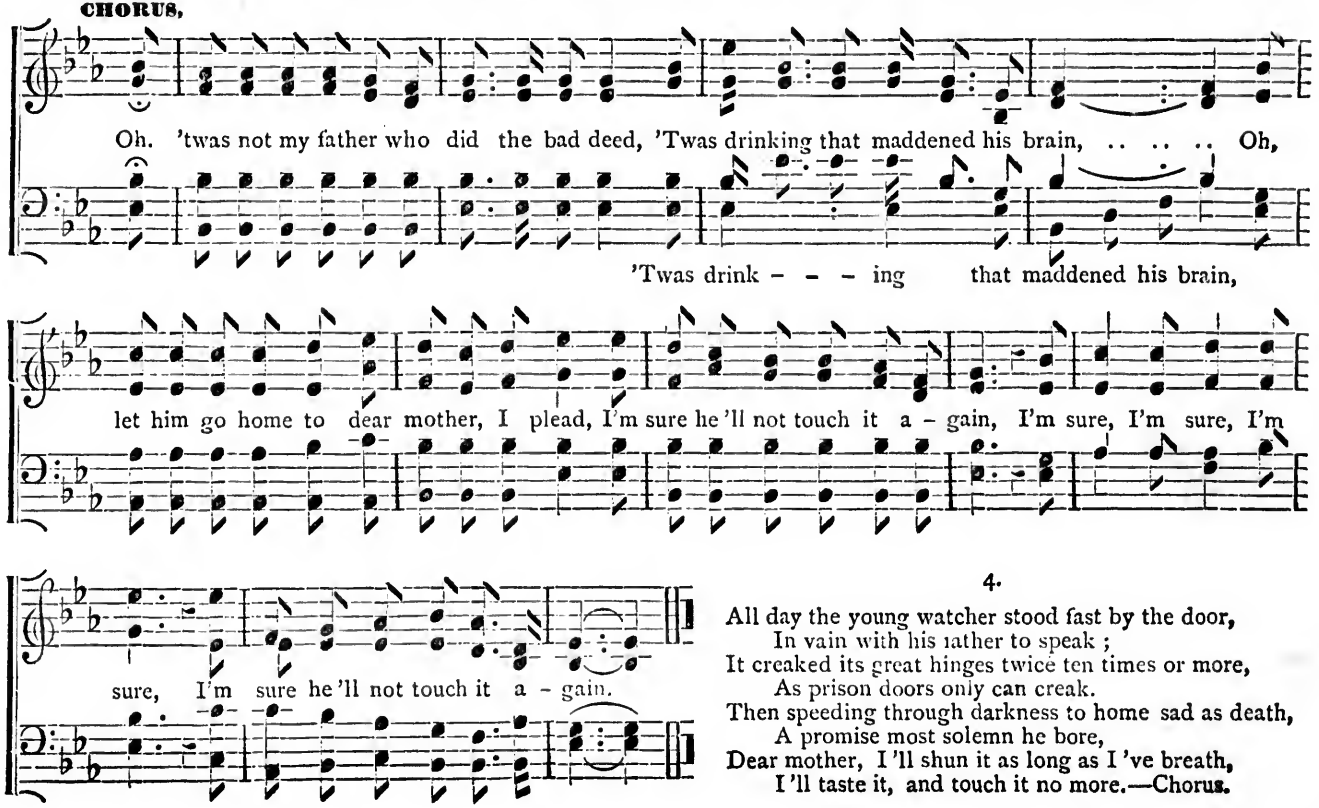
Allegro vivace. Arranged from an Old English Round, by T. M. DEWEY.



HAS FATHER BEEN HERE?

E. W. Locke.



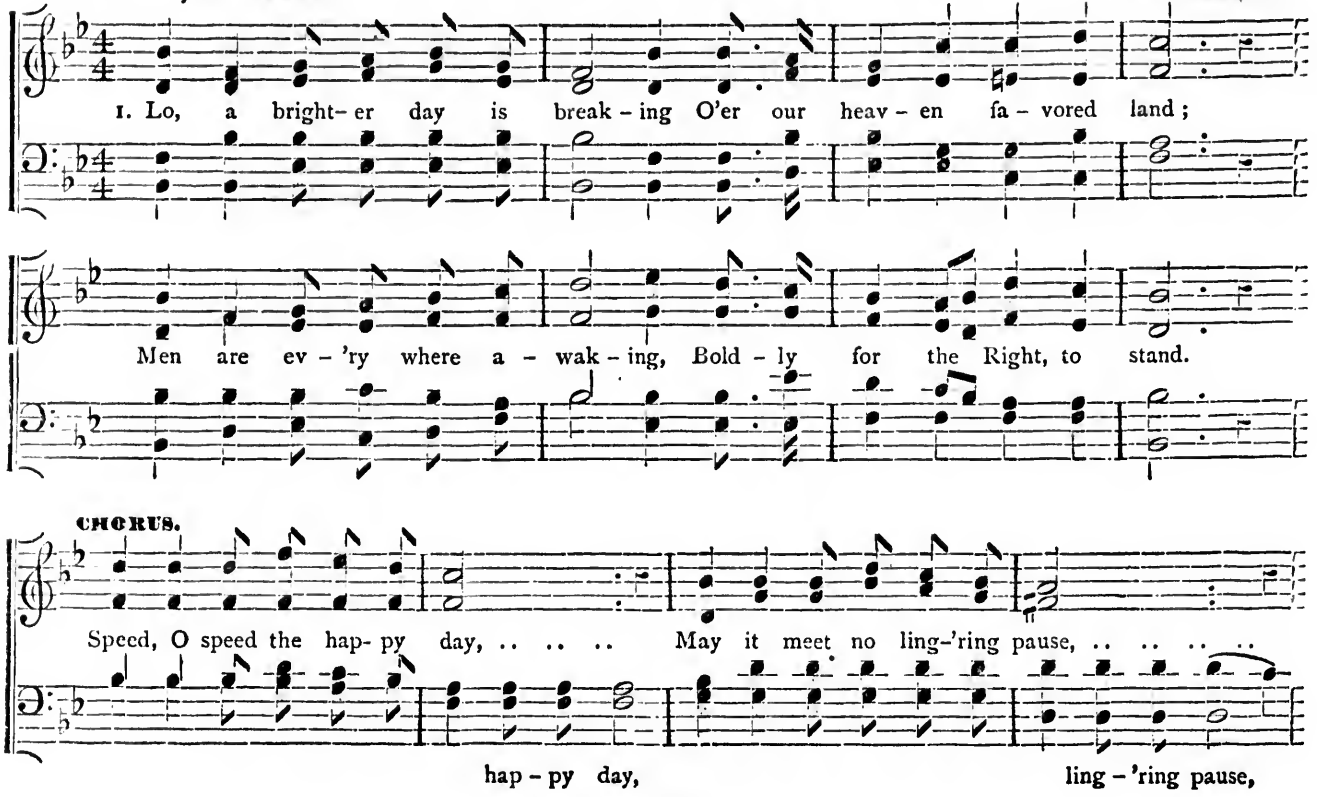


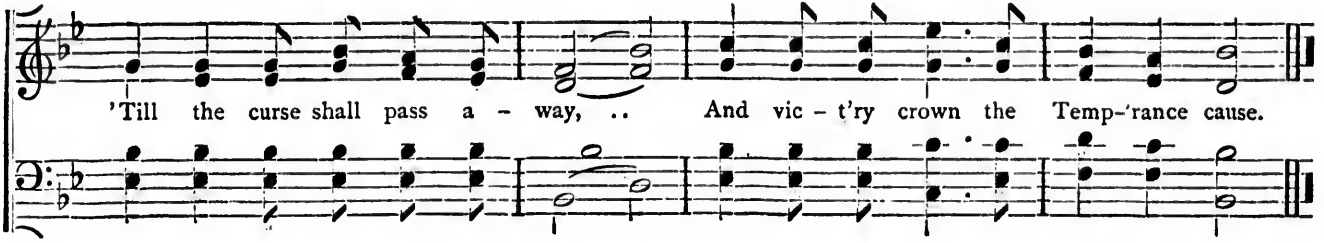
4.

All day the young watcher stood fast by the door,
In vain with his father to speak ;
It creaked its great hinges twice ten times or more,
As prison doors only can creak.
Then speeding through darkness to home sad as death,
A promise most solemn he bore,
Dear mother, I 'll shun it as long as I 've breath,
I 'll taste it, and touch it no more.—Chorus.

SPEED THE HAPPY DAY.

Words by W. BENNETT. W. F. SHERWIN.





2.

O, the glory of the morning,
When the joyful time shall come,
When all men shall heed the warning,
And forsake the demon Rum.
Speed, O speed, etc.

3.

In that welcome hour of gladness,
When the tyrant's reign is o'er,
Free from bitter woe and sadness,
We shall feel his power no more.
Speed, O speed, etc.

PERSEVERE. (ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.)



WE 'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES.

W. A. OGDEN.





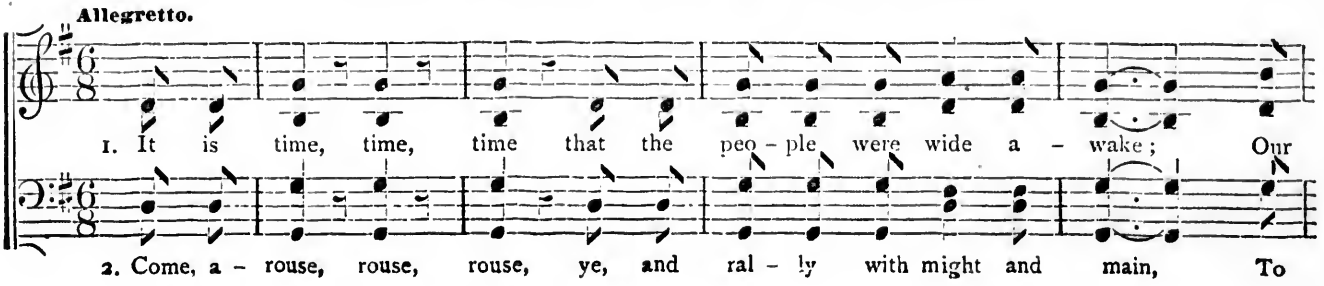
2.

We 'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth,
Whose wate rs are pure and divine,
But we 'll banish for-e'er from our homes that are dear,
The chalice that sparkles with wine.
Chorus.—We 'll crown them, etc.

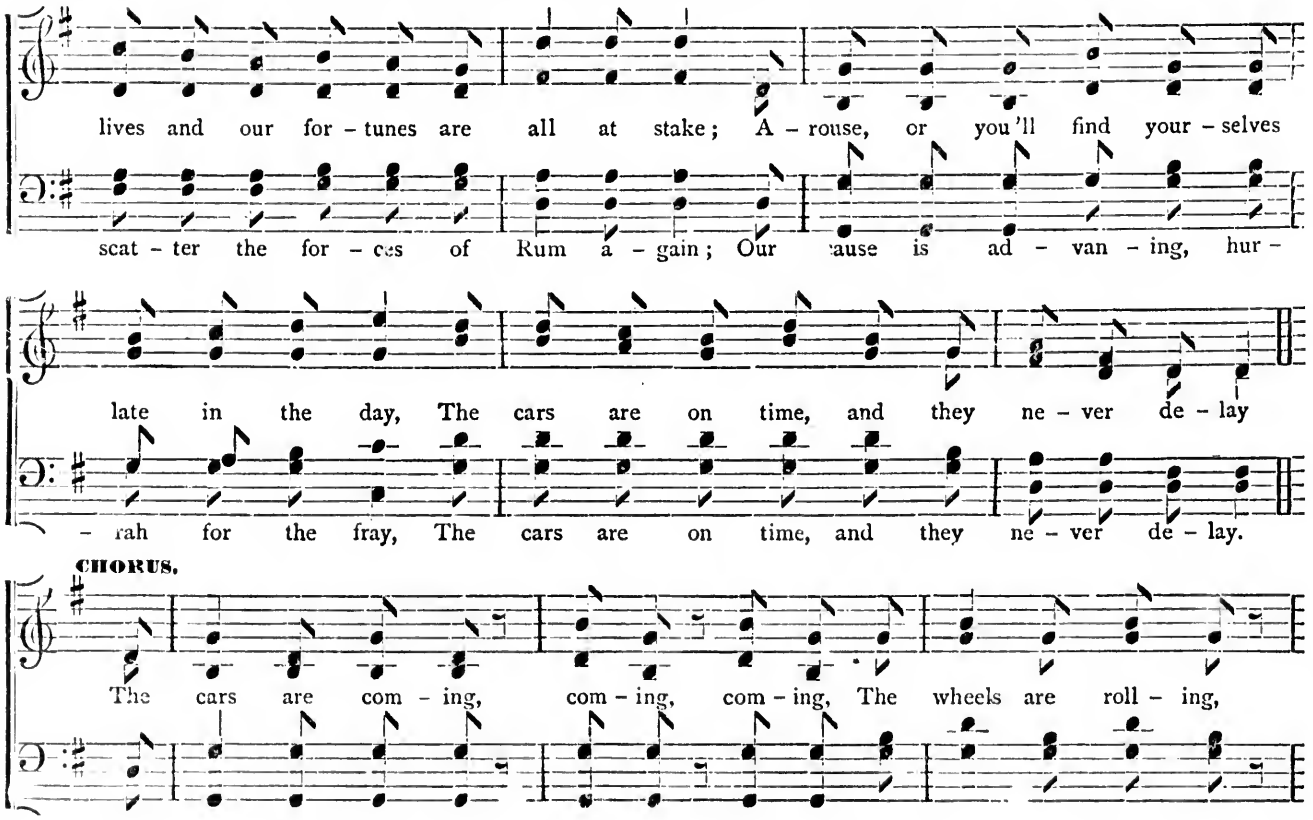
3.

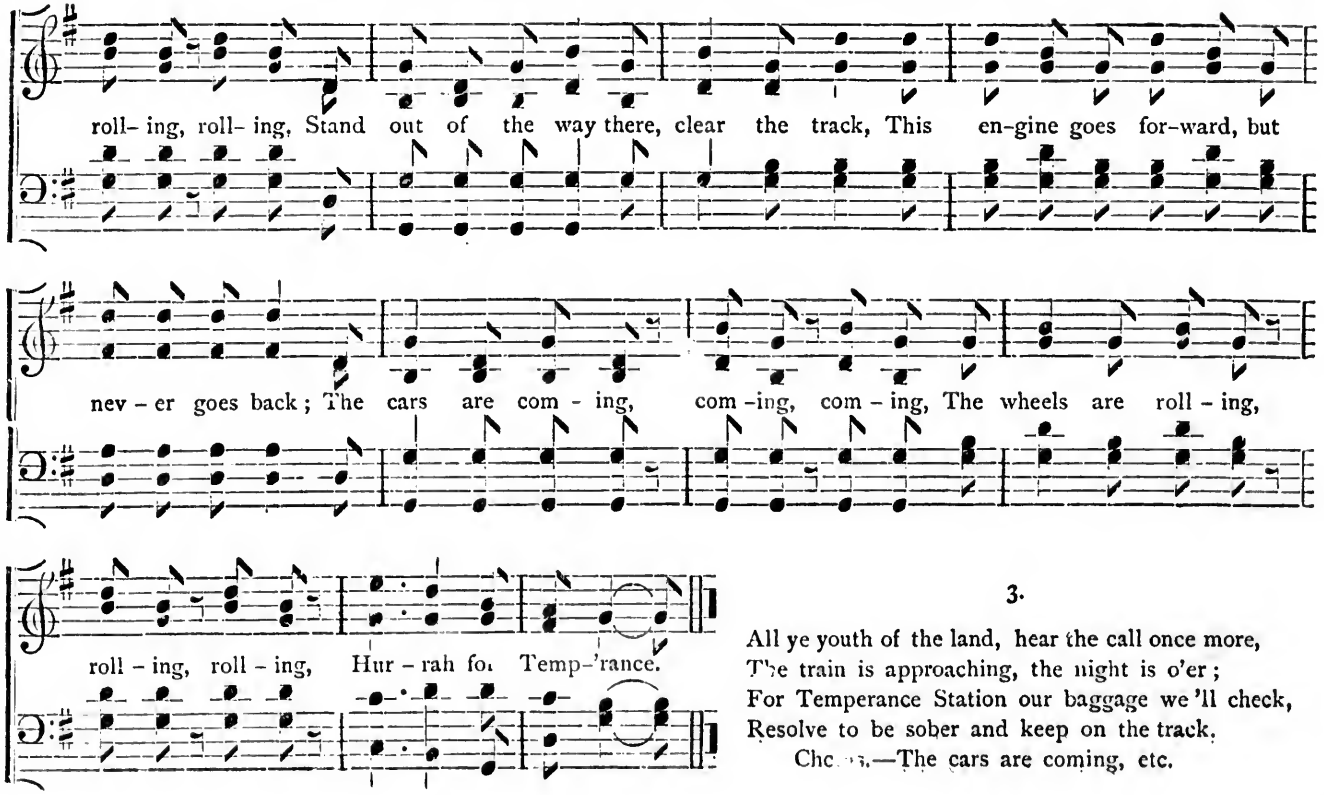
Our sweet household joys, all the girls and the boys,
We 'll shield from the tempter so bold,
And we 'll bind their white brows that with innocence
With a crown that is richer than gold. [glow,
Chorus.—We 'll crown them, etc.

THE CARS ARE COMING.



The Cars are Coming. Continued.





3.

All ye youth of the land, hear the call once more,
The train is approaching, the night is o'er;
For Temperance Station our baggage we 'll check,
Resolve to be sober and keep on the track.
Chorus.—The cars are coming, etc.

WORK AND PRAY.

W. H. DOANE.



CHORUS.





2.

Aid the movement every preacher,
Toil away, toil away,
Aid it every Sunday teacher—
Work and pray, work and pray.
Aid it hosts of Christian men,
Pulpit, platform, press and pen,
Eden's flower shall bloom again,
In the future day.—Chorus.

3.

Sound abroad the saving chorus,
Toil away, toil away,
There 's a noble work before us—
Work and pray, work and pray.
Courage, labour and be true;
Better days are just in view,
Choicest blessings wait for you,
In the future day.—Chorus.

THE TEMPERANCE BALL IS ROLLING.

Words by D. J. MANDELL. ARRANGED.

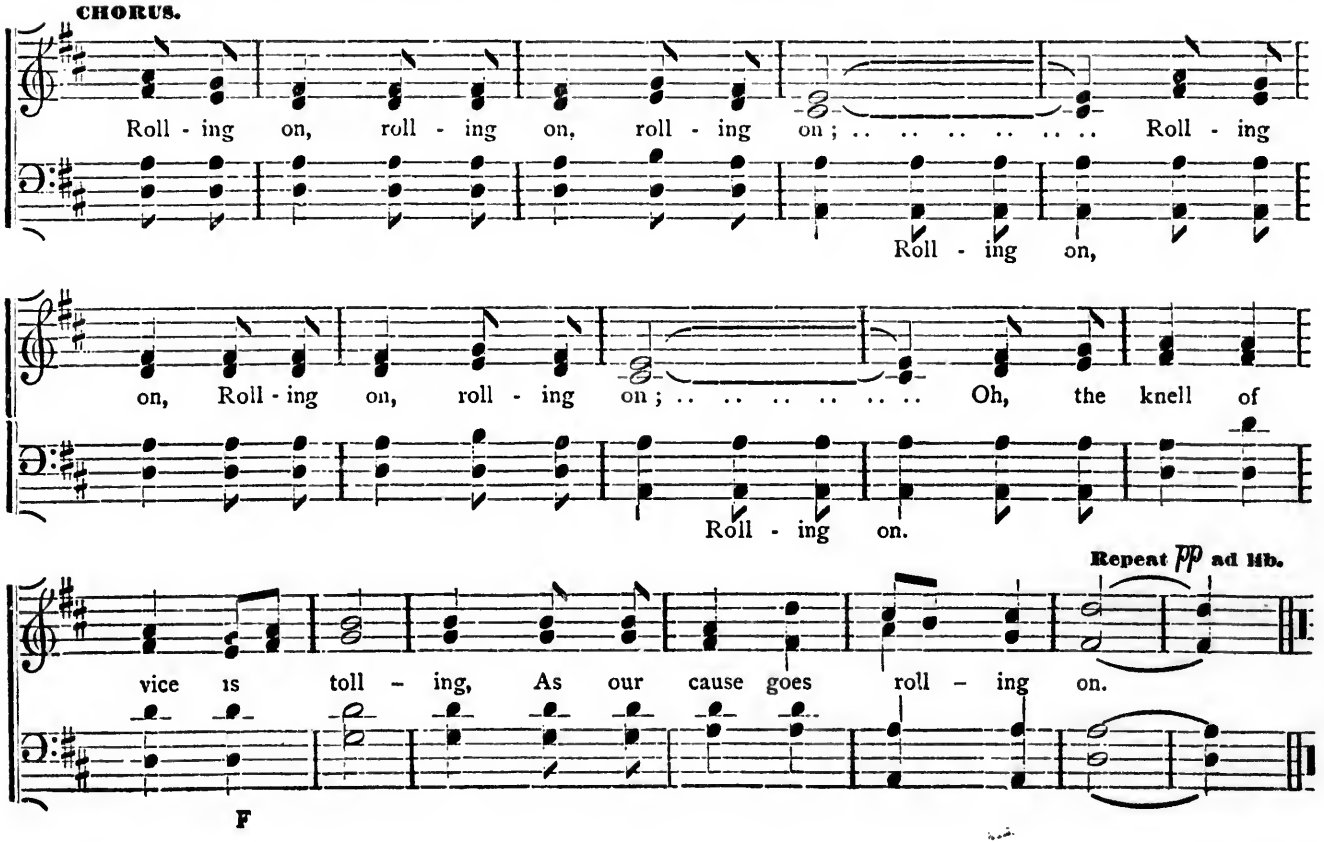
Lively.



1. The Temp-'rance Ball is roll - - ing, And the knell of vice is toll -
2. A migh - ty surg - ing o - - cean, Is this great and vast com - mo -
3. It shall fill up all your rum - holes, It shall shake up all your numb -
4. An - gel hosts now cheer it dai - ly, Hu-man voi - ces shout - ing gai -
5. Soon the thou-sands yet de - lay - ing, In the haunts of e - vil stray -
6. So the Temp-'rance Ball goes hum - ming, And the glad "good time" is com -



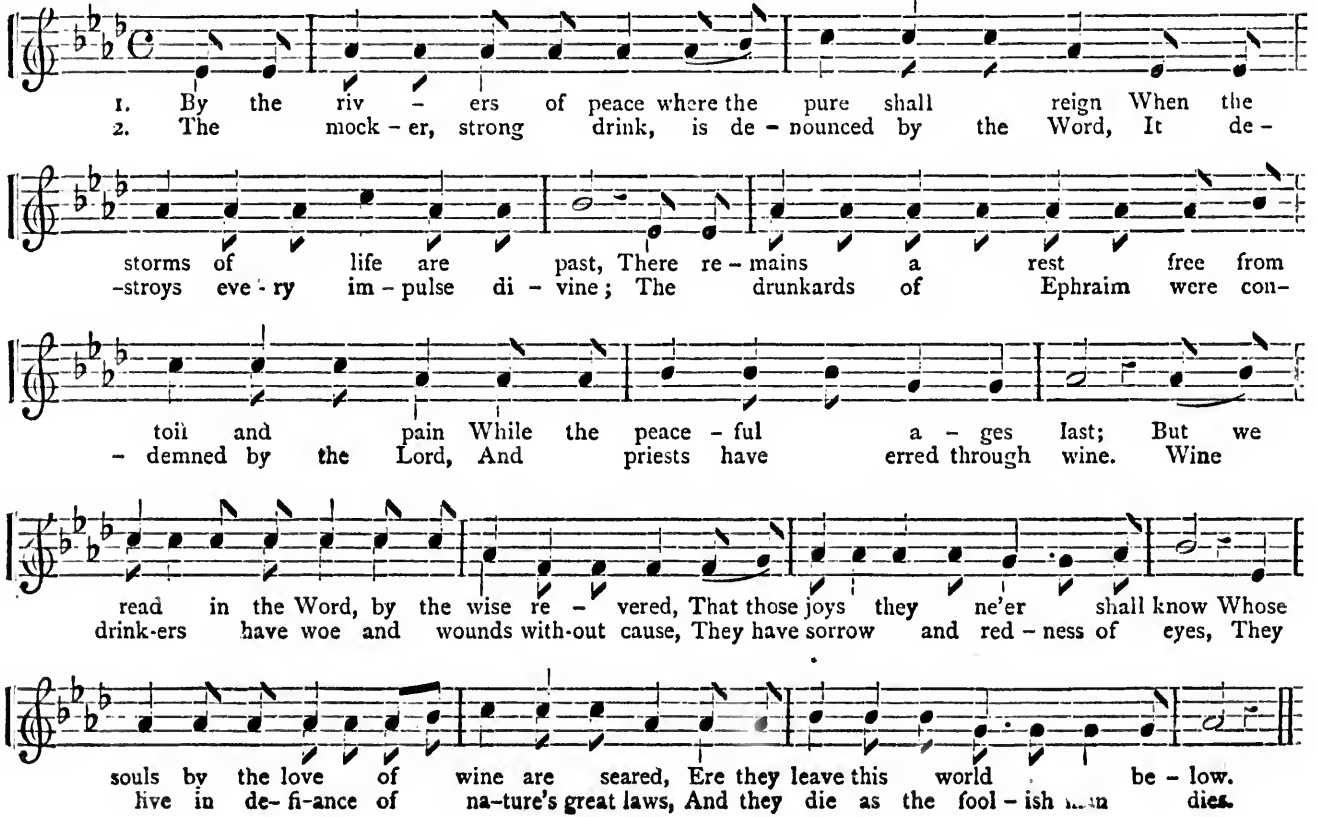
- ing, As the Power Di - vine comes grand - ly Roll-ing, roll - ing, roll - ing on
- tion, When the Temp-'rance Bomb comes bound - ing, And our cause goes roll - ing on
- souls, All hu - man - i - ty shall hail it, As it goes roll - ing on
- ly, While our no - ble work brings bless - ing, As it goes roll - ing on
- ing, Shall swell the Temp - 'rance tri - umph, And with it go roll - ing on
- ing, To light up all the a - ges, While our cause goes roll - ing on

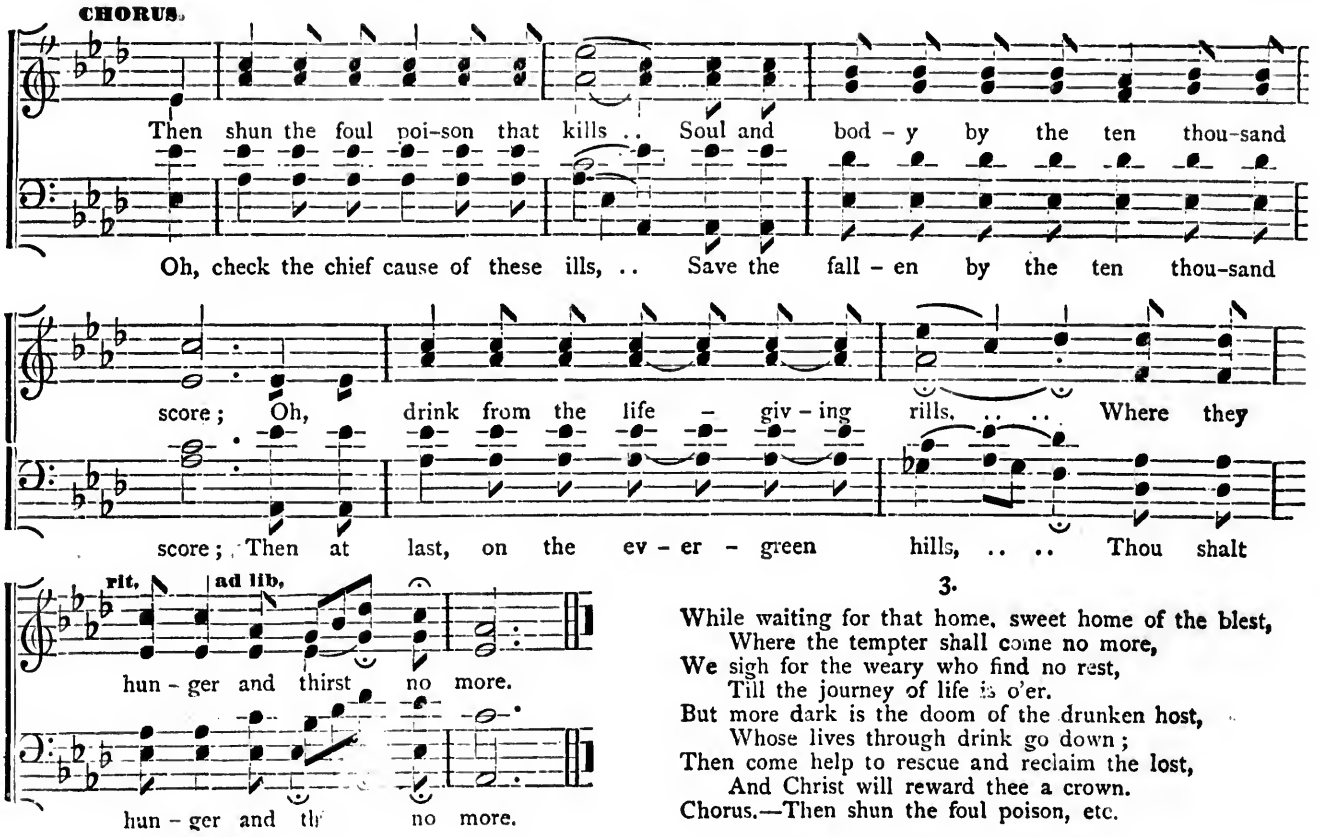

CHORUS.
Roll - ing on, roll - ing on, roll - ing on; Roll - ing
Roll - ing on,
on, Roll - ing on, roll - ing on; Oh, the knell of
Roll - ing on.
Repeat pp ad lib.
vice is toll - ing, As our cause goes roll - ing on.
F

THE LIVING WATERS.

Andantino.

Words by B. M. LAWRENCE, M.D. Music by JAMES G. CLARK.



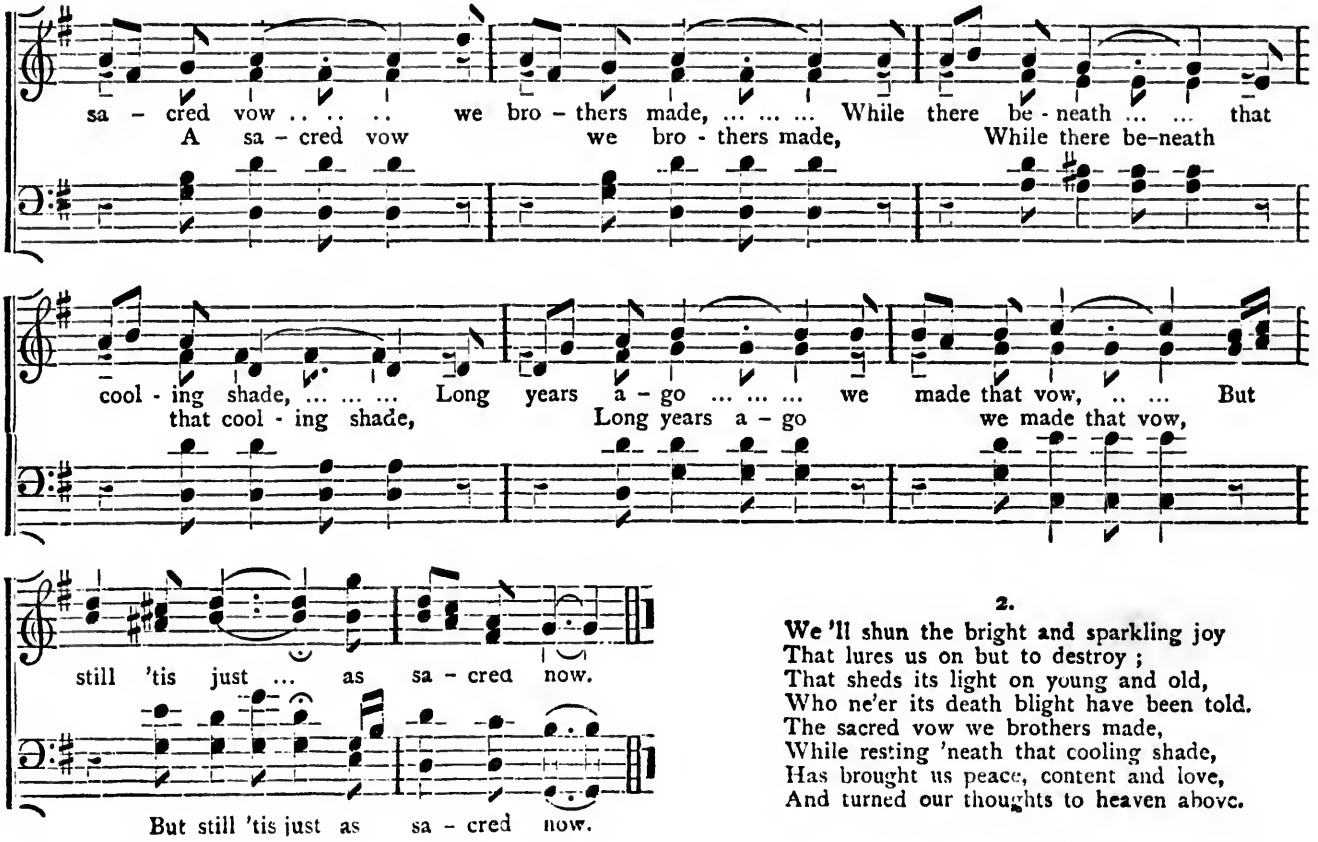


3.

While waiting for that home, sweet home of the blest,
Where the tempter shall come no more,
We sigh for the weary who find no rest,
Till the journey of life is o'er.
But more dark is the doom of the drunken host,
Whose lives through drink go down;
Then come help to rescue and reclaim the lost,
And Christ will reward thee a crown.
Chorus.—Then shun the foul poison, etc.

COLD WATER SONG.



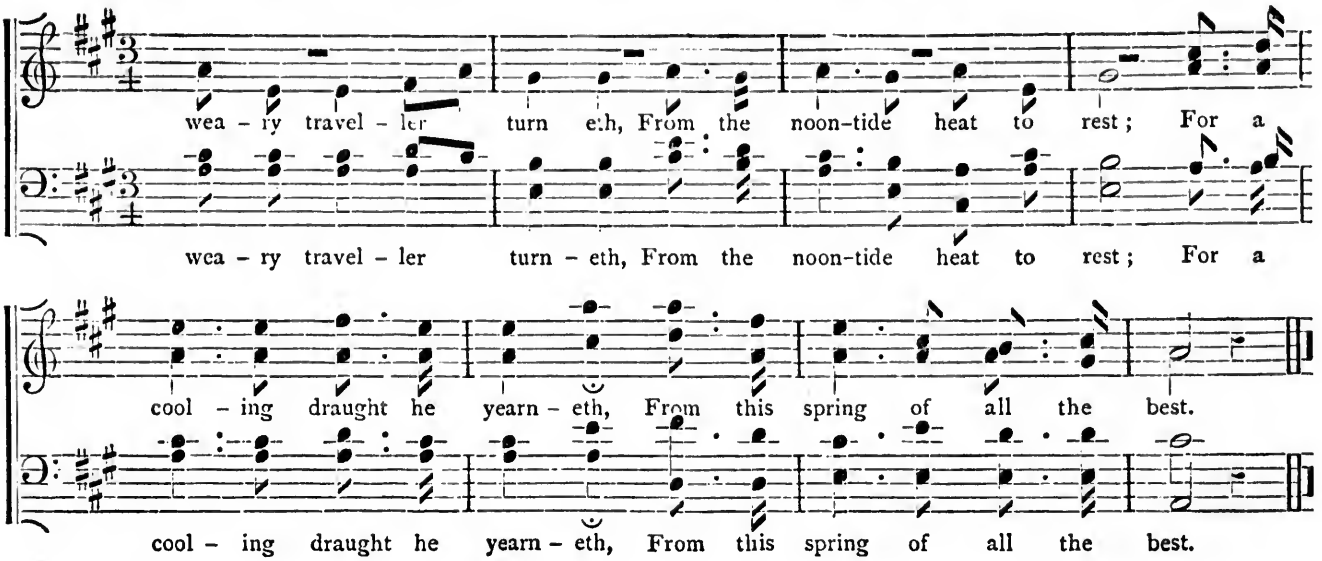


2.

We 'll shun the bright and sparkling joy
That lures us on but to destroy ;
That sheds its light on young and old,
Who ne'er its death blight have been told.
The sacred vow we brothers made,
While resting 'neath that cooling shade,
Has brought us peace, content and love,
And turned our thoughts to heaven above.

THE CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN.





2. Wild and sweet the roses
By that streamlet's side,
Peace with joy reposes,
Where its waters glide.
Brighter crystals sparkled never,
Than are flowing from that rill;
Emblem of a life forever,
Far beyond this world of ill.

3. Near to yonder mountain,—
Winding through the glade,—
Now the silver fountain
Seeks the forest shade.
Haste thee onward, singing gaily
'Till thou reach the ocean, vast;
So we hasten onward daily,
Finding home and heaven at last.

THE TOPER'S LAMENT.

OR EVILS OF THE PROHIBITORY LAW.

Words by a LADY. Music from CONRADIN KREUTZER.





3. My throat was parched, my heart was dead,
For help I to the city sped.
To find the "mountain dew,"
My demijohn was filled once more,
In my valise I hid my store,
As rich, as rich, as any Jew.

4. Alas! my sorrows must I tell:
Plump down my precious burden fell—
It broke—my treasures spill;

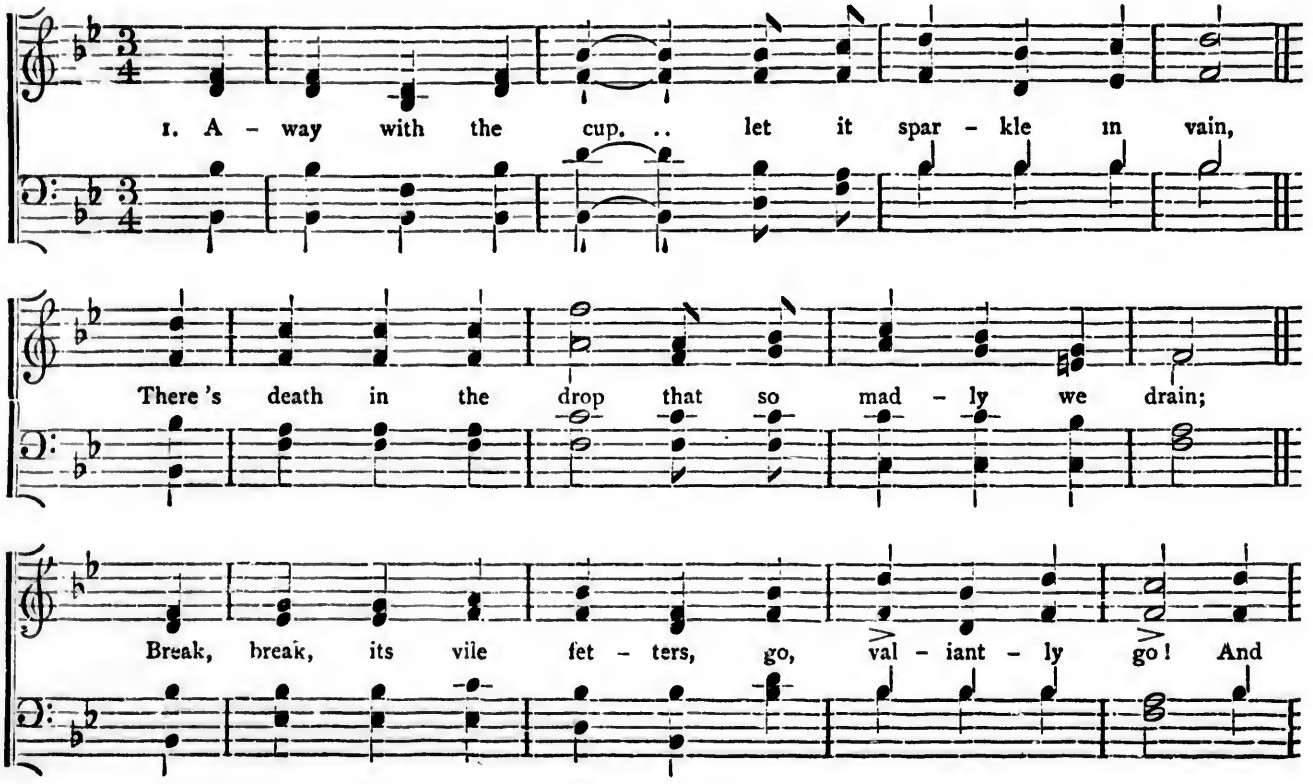
2.

O, what a hateful law they've passed—
The watermen have beat at last;
Oppressive and unjust!
The "aqua vitæ" all is spilled,
The casks with cold, dead water filled,
And we, and we, must drink or thirst.

To crown my shame and deep distress,
It spoiled a lovely lady's dress.
And I, and I, must pay the bill.

5. No blissful nights I now can pass,
With laugh, and song, and social glass;
O, sad and heavy doom!
My days, to business all confined,
My nights to rest with sober mind,
Must now, must now, be spent at home.

STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.





2.

No time to be lost, we entreat you, beware,
Oh, turn from a path that will end in despair;
Now gird on your armour, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with your face to the foe.

3.

Oh, tarry no more at the wine-cup by night,
Be true to yourselves and return to the right;
To crush the vile tempter, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with your face to the foe.

4.

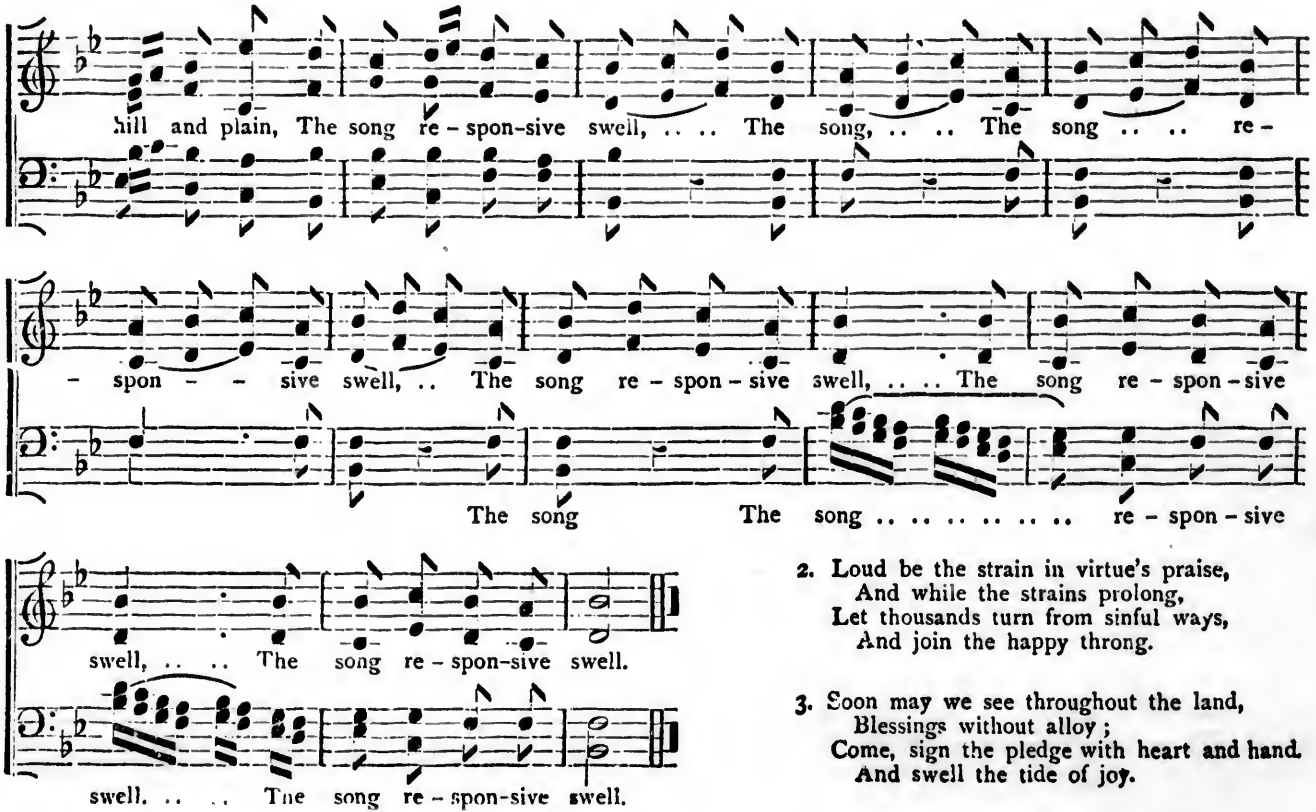
Remember the hearts that are bleeding and torn,
The eyes that with watching are weary and worn;
For God and your loved ones, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave with your face to the foe.

THE PLEDGE.

Alto or Baritone Solo, or Unison.

Words by T. HASTINGS, Mus. Doc. Music arr. from Dr. ARNOLD.





2. Loud be the strain in virtue's praise,
And while the strains prolong,
Let thousands turn from sinful ways,
And join the happy throng.

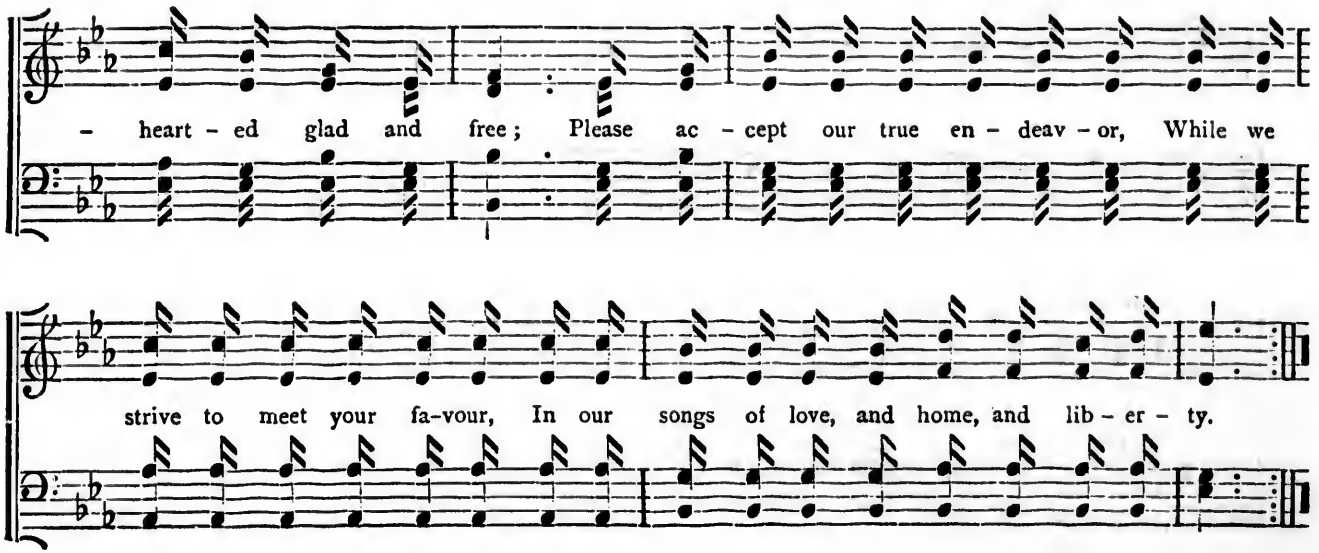
3. Soon may we see throughout the land,
Blessings without alloy;
Come, sign the pledge with heart and hand.
And swell the tide of joy.

GREETING SONG.

Moderato.

P. P. Bliss.





2.

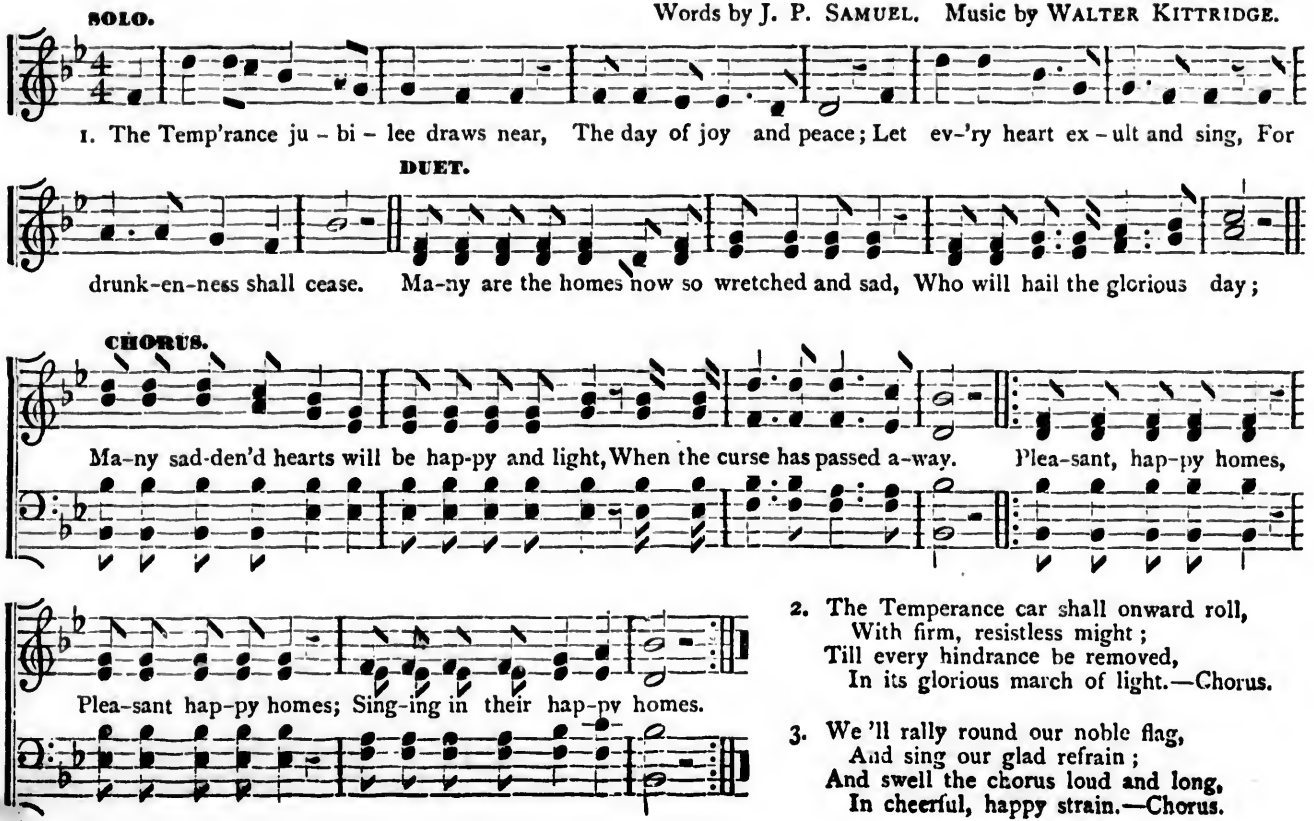
We have songs for the gay and the cheerful,
We have songs for the rich and the poor;
We have songs for the sad and the tearful,
And songs for the Right evermore.
Chorus.—With a merry, merry, etc.

3.

Let us sing and forget care and sorrow,
Let us sing, thinking not of despair;
Let us sing, thinking not of to-morrow,
For to-morrow, perhaps, may be fair.
Chorus.—With a merry, merry, etc.

JUBILEE SONG.

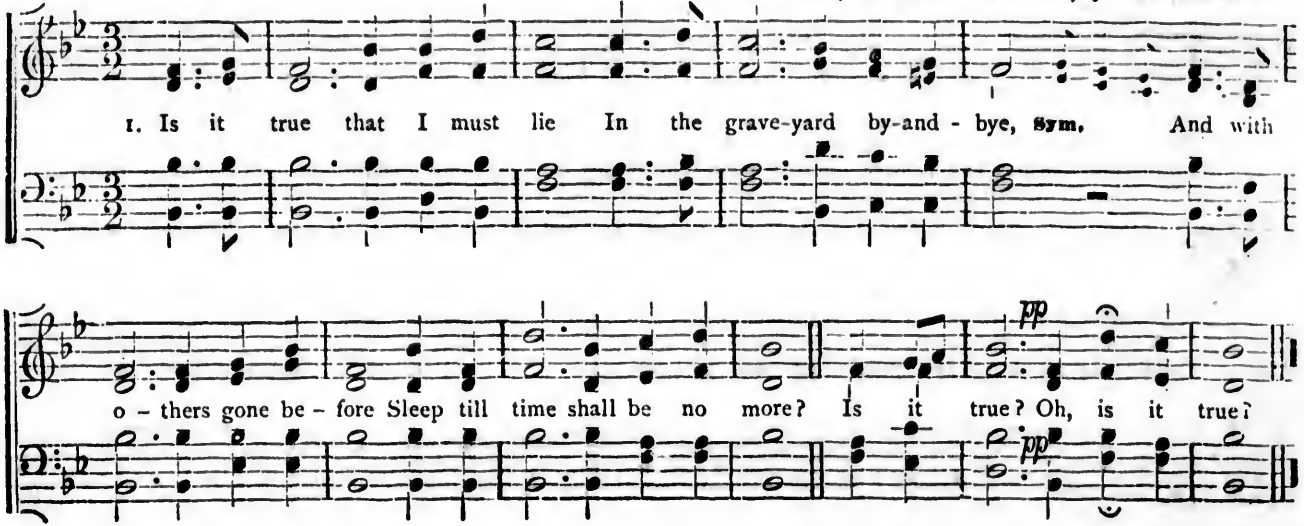
Words by J. P. SAMUEL. Music by WALTER KITTRIDGE.



2. The Temperance car shall onward roll,
With firm, resistless might;
Till every hindrance be removed,
In its glorious march of light.—Chorus.

3. We 'll rally round our noble flag,
And sing our glad refrain;
And swell the chorus loud and long,
In cheerful, happy strain.—Chorus.

Words by H. REED. Music by J. W. DADMUN.



2. Is it true, as many say,
Life is but a passing day,
And that heaven is lost or won
Ere this fleeting day has flown?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

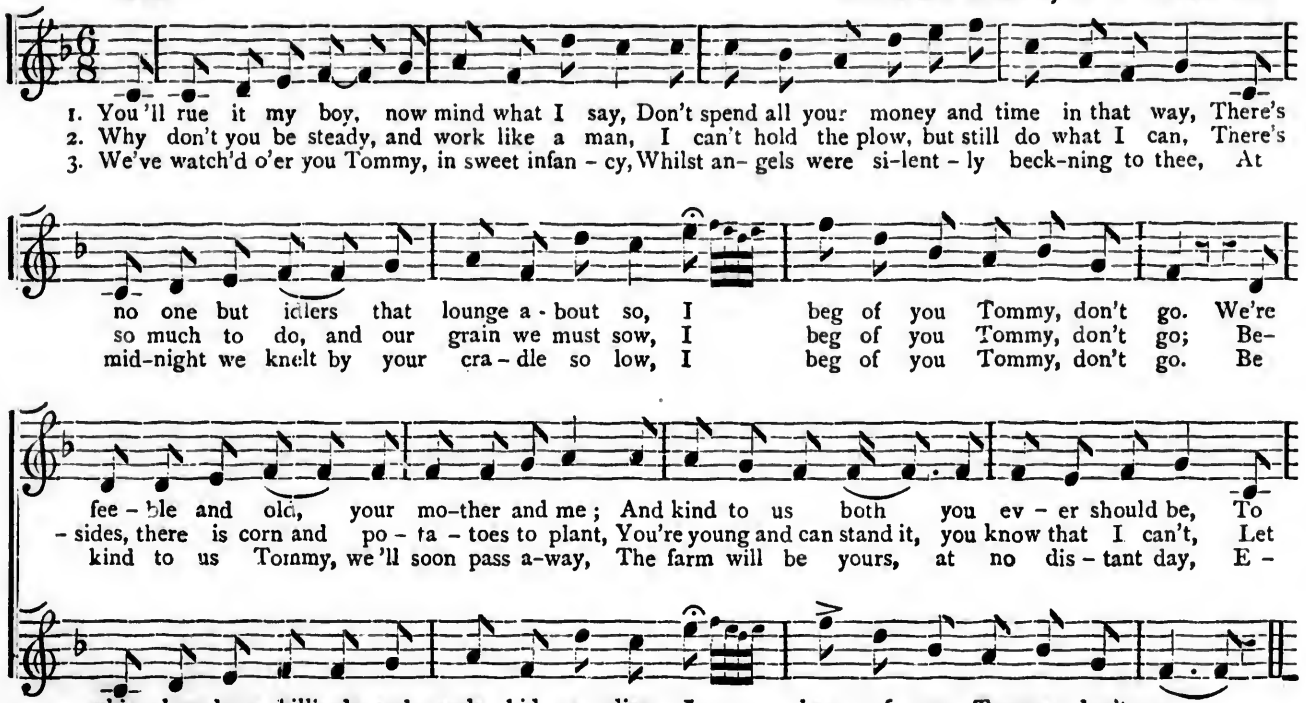
3. Is it true that on the cross
Jesus bled and died for us,
And, while hanging on the tree,
Upward sent a prayer for me?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

4.
Is it true that all death's slain
Will arise and live again,
And to final judgment go,
Some for bliss and some for woe?
Is it true—Oh, is it true?

DON'T YOU GO, TOMMY.

SOLO.

Words and Music by C. T. LOCKWOOD.




CHORUS.
Don't you go, Tom - my, don't go, ... Stay at home, Tom- my, don't
No, don't go,
go, ... There 's no one but idlers that lounge a - bout so, I
Now don't go,
go,
(Last verse):—O
rit
ad libitum
beg of you, Tommy, don't go, don't go.
fp
Tommy, near Tommy, don't go. . . .


1. Oh! if for me the cup you fill, Then fill it from the gush – ing rill, With
wa-ter, wa-ter, sparkling bright, As clear as truth, and free as light. Then if for
Then if for me the
me the cup you fill, O, fill it from the
cup you fill, Then if for me the cup you fill, O, fill it from the gush-ing rill, O,
f
mp



2.

Kiss not to me the mantling brim,
Where dancing bubbles gaily swim;
For in each shining crystal round,
A deadly, lurking fiend is found.
Then if for me the cup you fill, etc.

3.

Speak not to me of rosy wine,
Of nectar cups, or draughts divine;
The taste of bitter tears is there,
Wrung from the hearts most true and dear.
Then if for me the cup you fill, etc.

OH, BRIGHT IS THE WINE.

Music by Rev. J. A. WILLIAMS.





2.

O bright is the glow, the rosy glow.
As on the eye it gleams;
But pure is the light, the diamond light,
Of Nature's crystal streams.
Chorus.—Then shun the cup, etc.

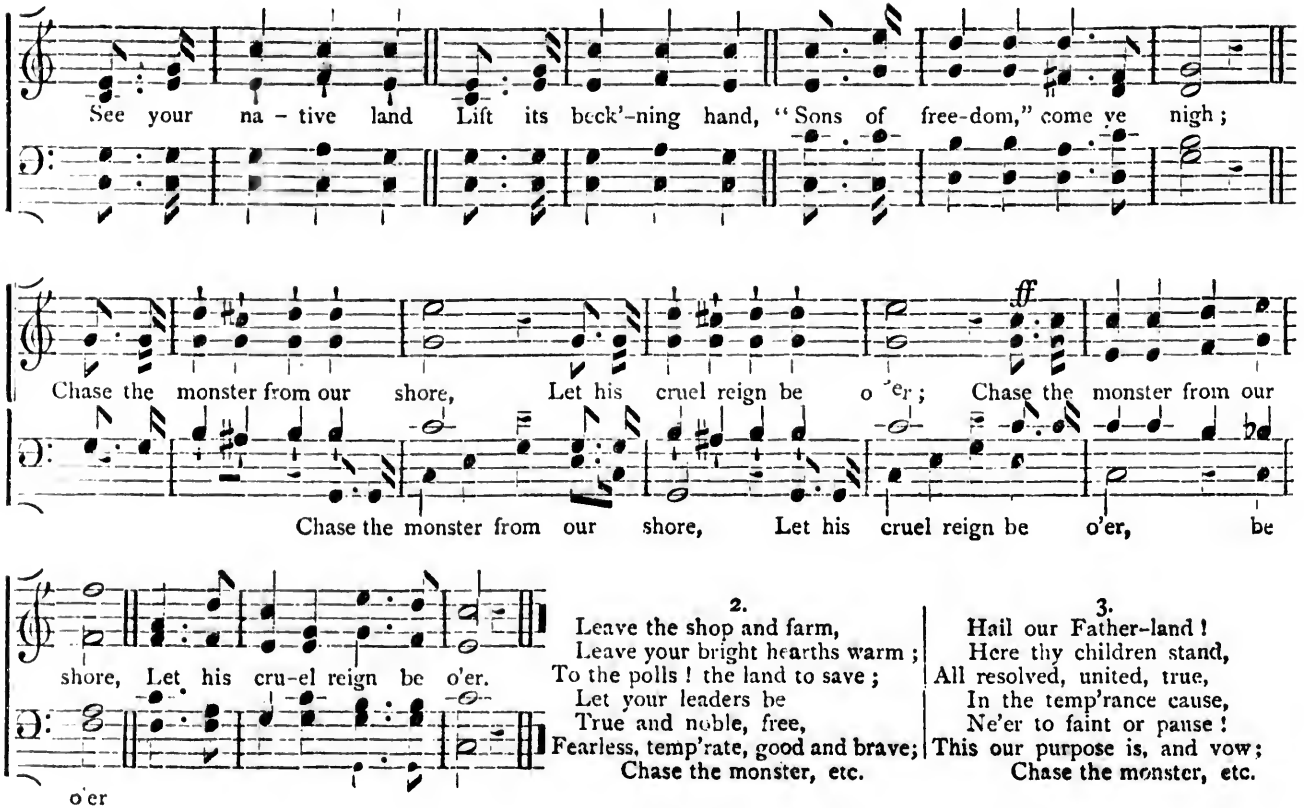
3.

O sad is the end, the dreadful end,
Of him who heedeth not
To shun the cup, the treacherous cup,
So full of danger fraught.
Chorus.—Then shun the cup, etc.

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.



THE TEMPERANCE CALL. Concluded.



2.

Leave the shop and farm,
Leave your bright hearths warm;
To the polls! the land to save;
Let your leaders be
True and noble, free,
Fearless, temp'rate, good and brave;
Chase the monster, etc.

3.

Hail our Father-land!
Here thy children stand,
All resolved, united, true,
In the temp'rance cause,
Ne'er to faint or pause!
This our purpose is, and vow;
Chase the monster, etc.



3. Stay, father, stay, O leave, this night,
The mad'ning bowl whose with'ring blight,
Has cast so dark a shade around
The home, where joy alone was found.
O father, leave me not.

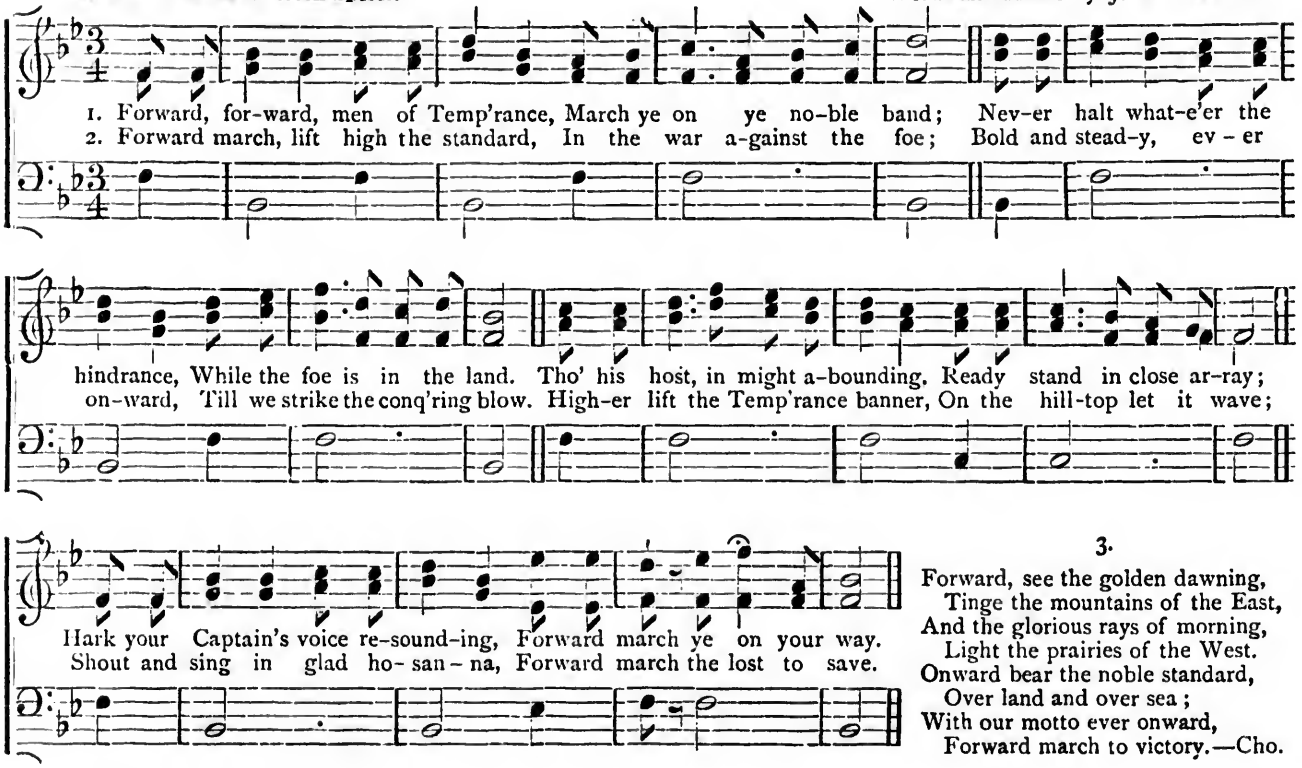
4. Stay, father, stay, once more I ask,
O count it not a heavy task
To stay with me, till life shall end,
My last, my only earthly friend.
O father, leave me not.

FORWARD MARCH TO VICTORY.

Dedicated to M. KNOWLTON, Esq., G. W. C., by the Author.

SOLO or DUET. With Spirit.

Words and Music by J. P. SAMUEL.



3.

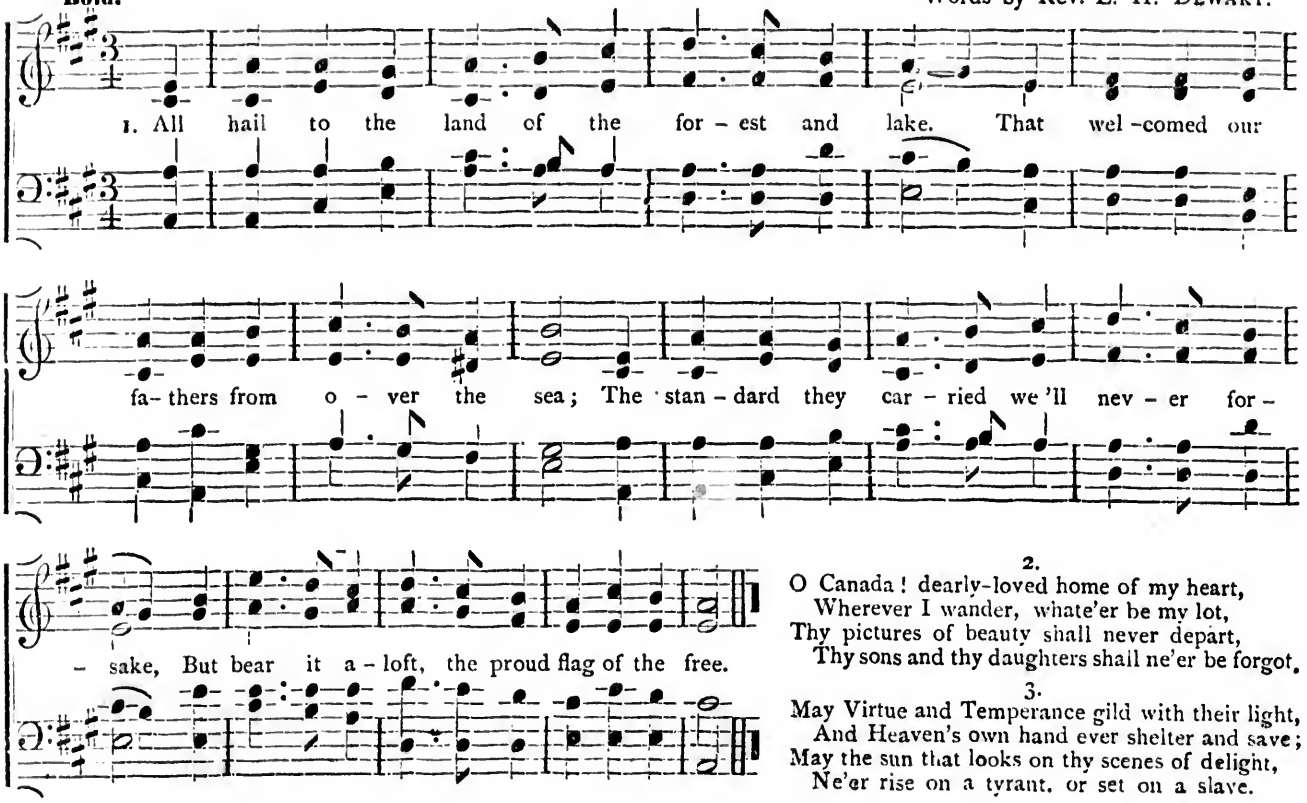
Forward, see the golden dawning,
Tinge the mountains of the East,
And the glorious rays of morning,
Light the prairies of the West.
Onward bear the noble standard,
Over land and over sea;
With our motto ever onward,
Forward march to victory.—Cho.


CHORUS.
For-ward, for-ward, men of Temp'rance, March ye on ye no-ble band; Nev-er halt what-e'er the
hindrance, While the foe is in the land. Onward bear the no-ble stand-ard,
On-ward bear the no-ble
Rit
Ov-er land and ov-er sea; This our mot-to ev-er for-ward, For-ward march to vic-to-ry.
standard. Ov-er land and ov-er sea.

OUR CANADIAN HOME.

Bold.

Words by Rev. E. H. DEWART.



2.

O Canada! dearly-loved home of my heart,
Wherever I wander, whate'er be my lot,
Thy pictures of beauty shall never depart,
Thy sons and thy daughters shall ne'er be forgot.

3.

May Virtue and Temperance gild with their light,
And Heaven's own hand ever shelter and save;
May the sun that looks on thy scenes of delight,
Ne'er rise on a tyrant, or set on a slave.

ALPINE MELODY.

Tenor Solo.



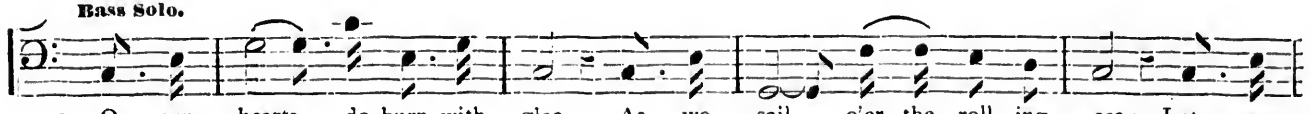
1. We are hap-py and free, as a crew can be; .. While our bark is sail-ing o'er the sea. ..
2. Come a-way then with me. o'er the dark blue sea, .. And a gal-lant sail-or you shall be; ..
3. On our ves-sel we 'll ride, with the wind and the tide, .. O'er the heav-ing o-cean swift-ly glide;..

Soprano Solo.

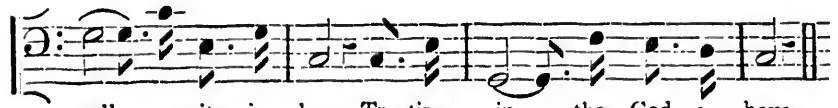


1. Our sails we heave at the call of the brave, For we love the home of the o-cean wave.
2. I 'll leave my home on the wa-ters to roam, For I love to bound o'er the spark-ling foam.
3. Should wild winds roar, with each man to his oar, We will safe-ly land on our des-tined shore.

Bass Solo.



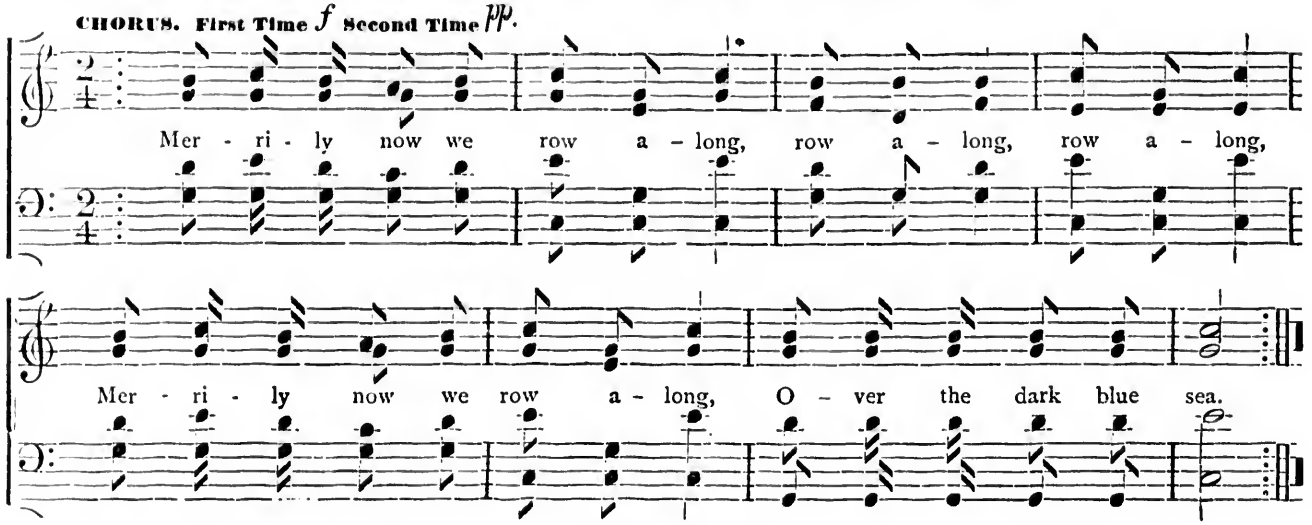
1. O, our hearts do burn with glee, As we sail o'er the roll-ing sea; Let us
2. O, what joy it is to me, Thus to sail o'er the roll-ing sea; Loud we 'll



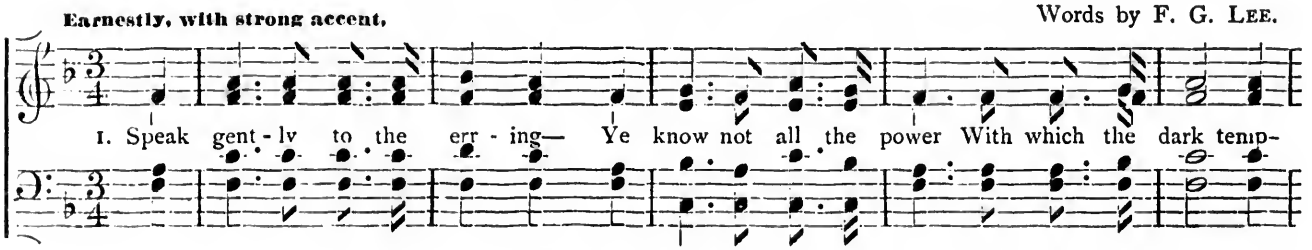
all u-nite in love, Trusting in the God a-bove.
raise our mer-ry strain, As we sail o'er the foam-ing main.

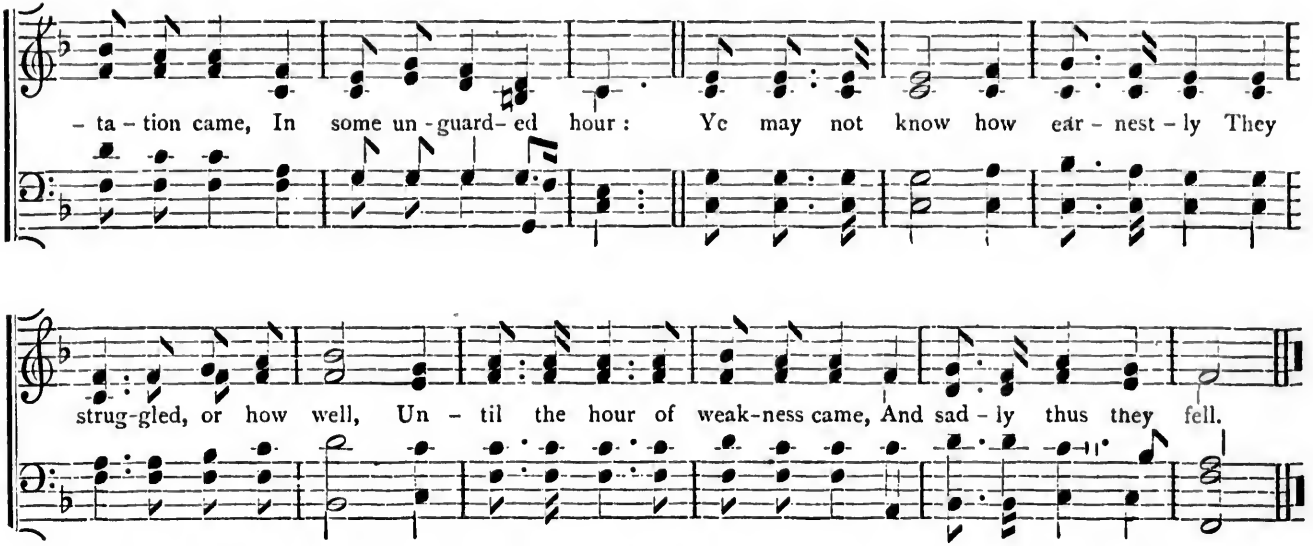
3. **(Bass Solo.)**
Then from toil and perils free,
And the dangers of the sea,
We will all unite in love,
Praising HIM who rules above.

WE ARE HAPPY. Concluded.



SPEAK GENTLY TO THE ERRING.





2.

Speak gently of the erring—
Oh, do not thou forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is thy brother yet.
Heir of the self-same heritage,
Child of the self-same God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
Thou hast in weakness trod.

3.

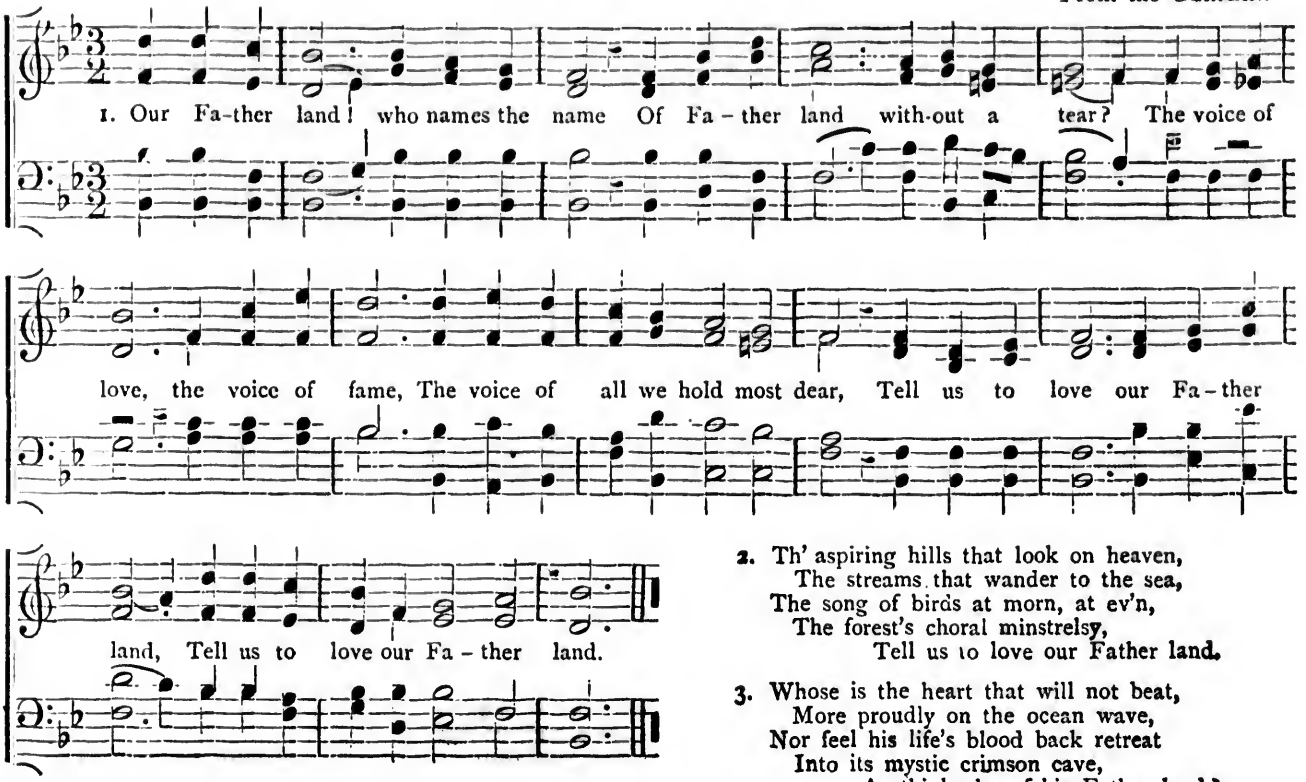
Speak kindly to the erring—
For is it not enough
That innocence and peace are gone,
Without thy censure rough?
It surely is a weary lot
That sin-crushed heart to bear;
And they who share a happier fate
Their chidings well may spare.

4.

Speak kindly to the erring—
Thou yet mayst lead him back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From mis'ry's thorny track;
Forget not thou hast often sinn'd,
And sinful yet must be;
Deal kindly with the erring one,
As God hath dealt with thee.

OUR FATHER LAND.

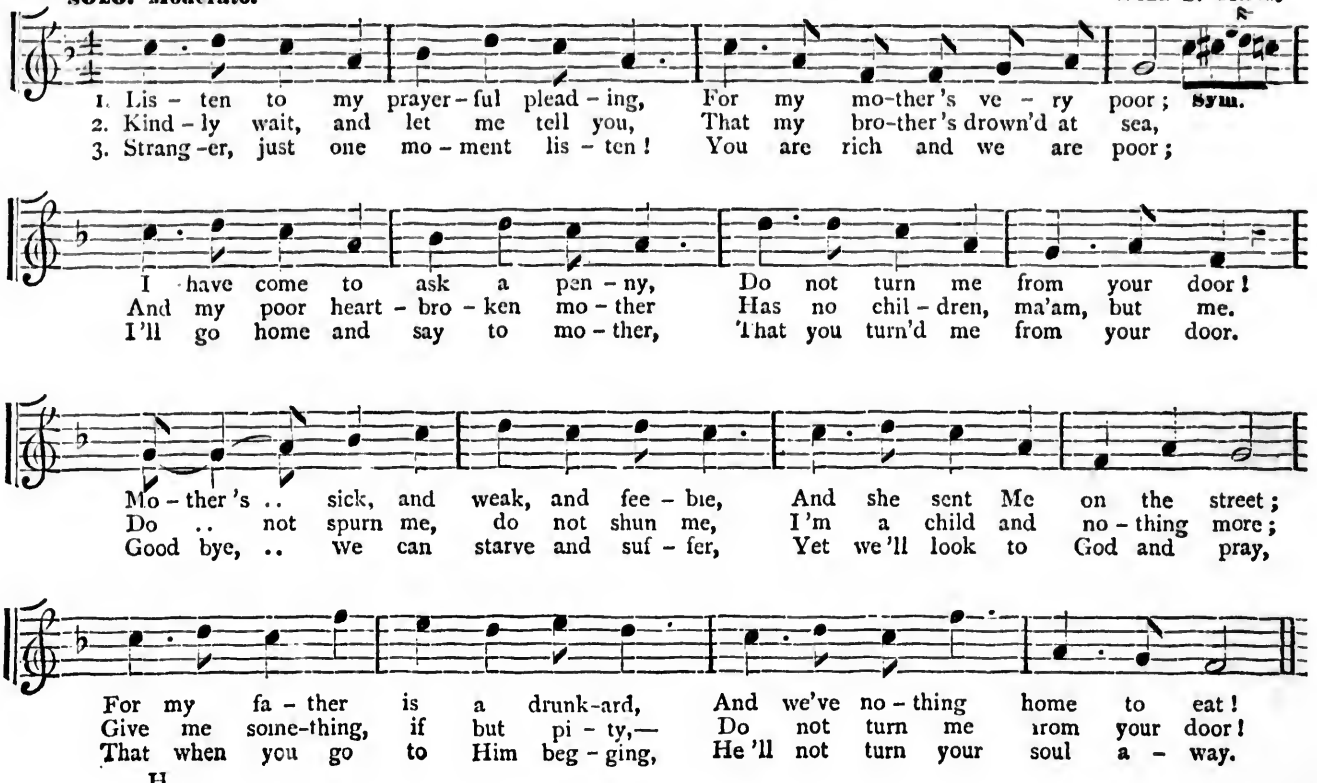
From the GERMAN.



2. Th' aspiring hills that look on heaven,
The streams that wander to the sea,
The song of birds at morn, at ev'n,
The forest's choral minstrelsy,
Tell us to love our Father land.

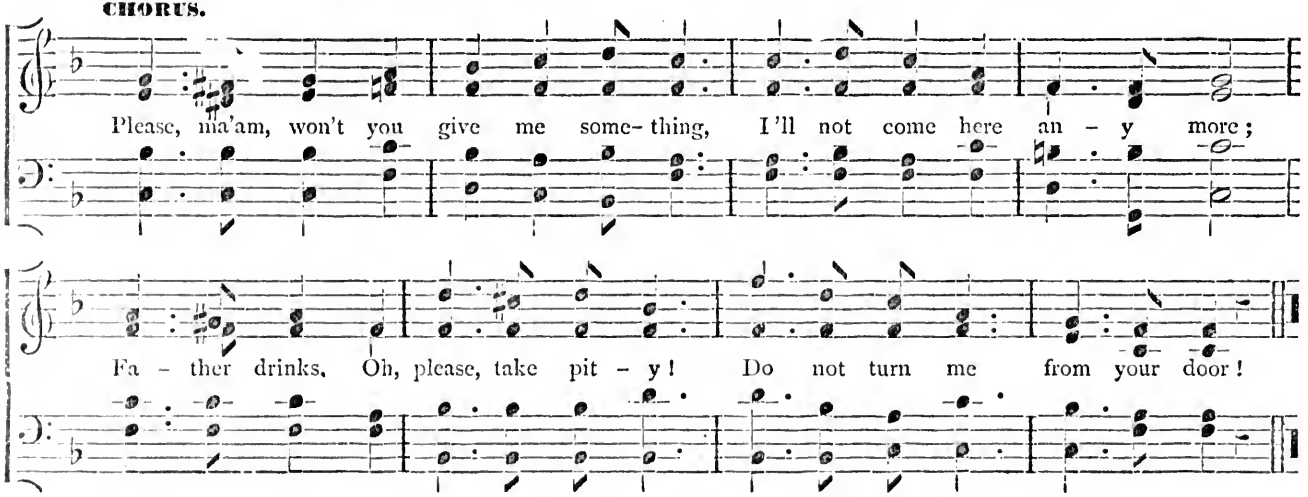
3. Whose is the heart that will not beat,
More proudly on the ocean wave,
Nor feel his life's blood back retreat
Into its mystic crimson cave,
As thinks he of his Father land?

SOLO. Moderato. WILL S. HAYS.



H

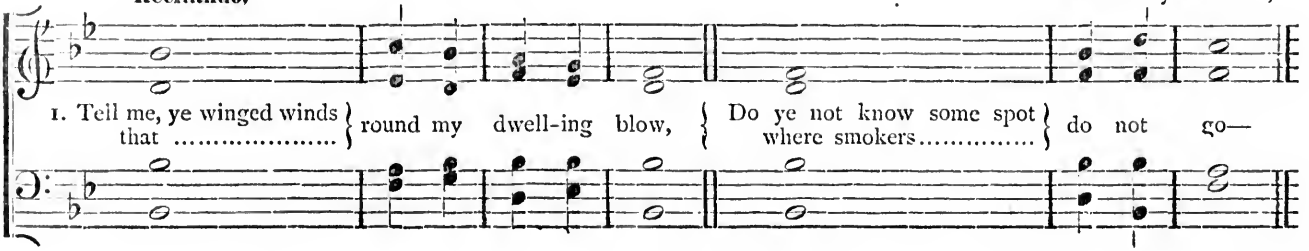
CHORUS.

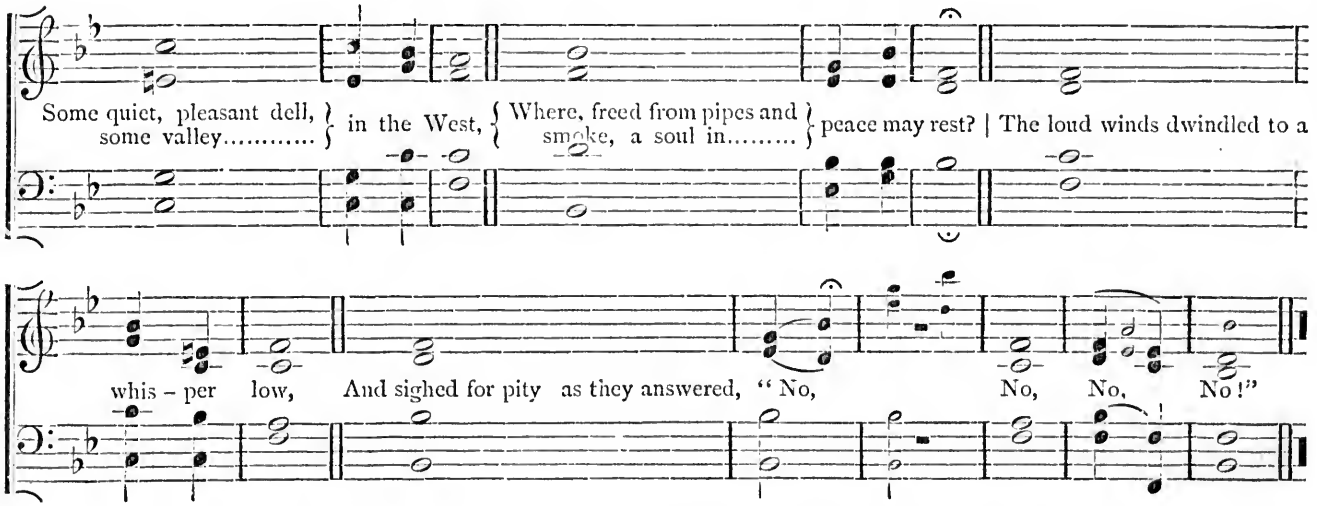


TOBACCO, OH! OH!!

Recitando.

Words by a LADY,





2.

Tell me, thou ocean deep, whose' billows' oft I' see,
Know'st thou some island home, to which our' sex may' flee,
Safe from tobacco quids, and streams of' filthy' juice
Ejected from men's mouths?—O, what a' vile a-'-buse!—
The wild waves rolling in perpet-'-u-al' flow. [No.
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer' No'-▬-' No' No'

3.

And thou, bright silver moon, when,' on thy' nightly' round,
Thou look'st adown on earth, hast thou not' somewhere' found
A spot yet undefiled by those who' use the' weed,
And where mankind the rules of' neatness' heed?
Behind a cloud the moon with-'-drew her' face,
A voice in sadness answered'—Not,'-▬-' Not,' a' place.

4.

Tell me, ye Spirits bright, that' now are' hovering' o'er.
Must we endure this curse forever,' ev-er' more?
O, search beyond this earth, search regions' of the' blest;
Can ye not find some place where we un-'-smoked may' rest?
Faith, Hope and Trust—best boons to' mortals' given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered,' Yes!'-▬-' yes,'
in' heaven.

MY FATHER 'S GROWINC OLD.





2.

They tell me, in my youthful years,
He led me by his side,
And strove to calm my childish fears—
My erring steps to guide.
But years, with all their scenes of change,
Above us both have rolled,
I now must guide his faltering steps—
"My father's growing old."

3.

And when each tuneful voice we raise,
In songs of "long ago,"
His voice, which mingles with our lays
Is tremulous and low.
It used to seem a clarion's tone,
So musical and bold,
But weaker, fainter, has it grown—
"My father's growing old."

4.

The same fond smile he used to wear
Still wreathes his pale lips now,
But time with lines of age and care
Has traced his placid brow.
But yet amidst the lapse of years
His heart has not grown cold,
Though voice and footsteps plainly tell,
"My father's growing old."

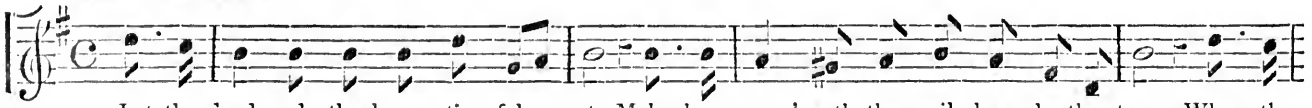
5.

My father! thou didst strive to share
My joys, and calm my fears,
And now thy child, with grateful care,
In thy declining years,
Shall smooth thy path, and brighter see
By Faith and Hope unfold;
And love thee with a holier love,
Since thou art "growing old."

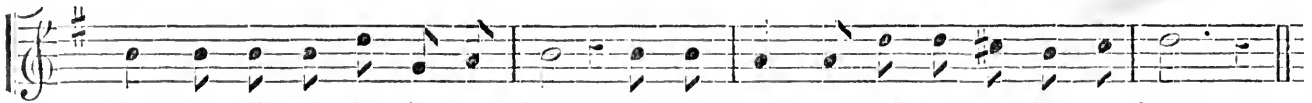
Let the Dead and the Beautiful Rest.

Words by C. C. Butler. Music by S. Wesley Martin.

SOLO. Moderato.



1. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, Make her grave 'neath the wil- low by the stream, Where the
2. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, For the spring- time is com- ing with its flow'rs, When the
3. Let the dead and the beau - ti - ful rest, Where the long droop-ing wil - low branches wave, While the



wind- harps will whis-per o'er the blest, Like the song of some an- gel in our dream.
wild - rose will blos-som o'er her breast, As the song-birds will while a - way the hours.
moon, slow - ly sink - ing in the west, Leaves the stars keep- ing vi -gils o'er her grave.

DUET.

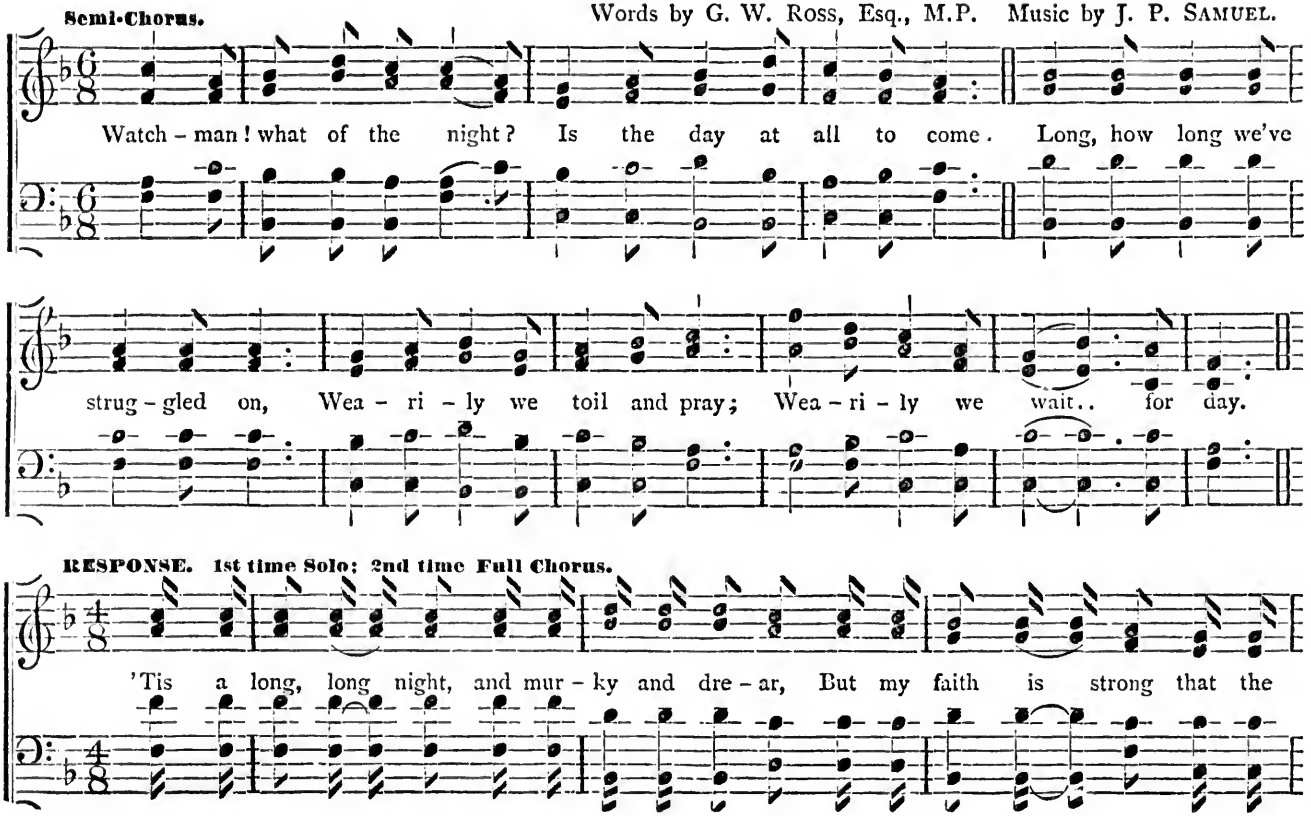


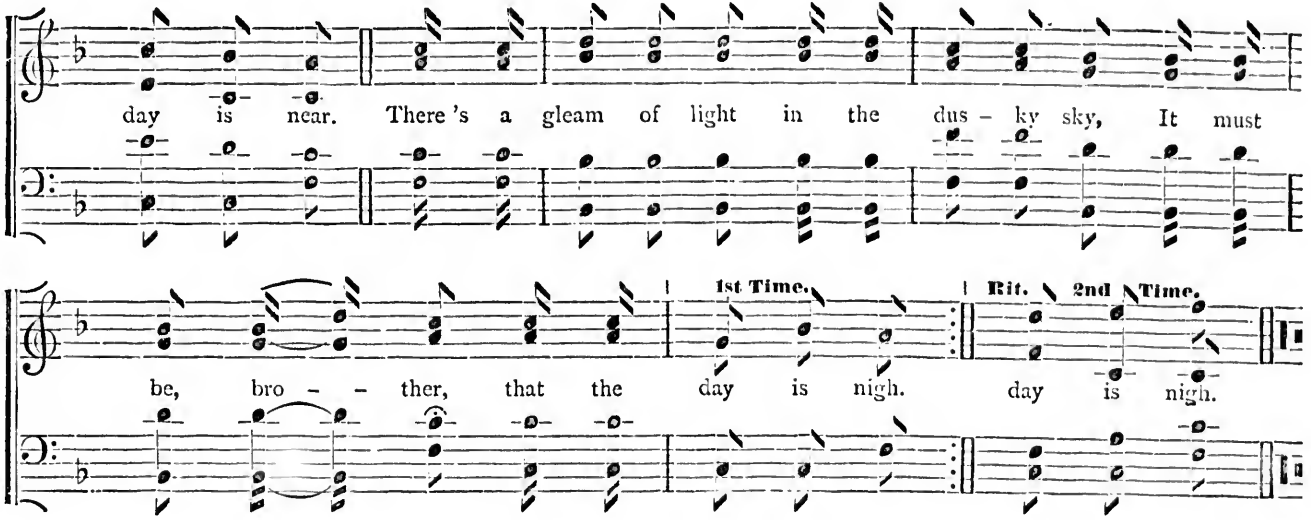
Oh, so young and fair, With her bright gold - en hair:


CHORUS.
Let her sleep Let her sleep et her
Let her sleep, Let her sleep, Let her
sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream, Let her sleep, .. Let her
sleep, Let her sleep 'neath the wil - low by the stream.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

Words by G. W. Ross, Esq., M.P. Music by J. P. SAMUEL.





2.

Watchman! What of the night?
Rum and ruin, hand in hand,
Sweep like fiends across the land.
Shall their power ever cease?
When shall shine the sun of peace?

RESPONSE.

The sunshine of peace is coming now;
Its brightness I see on yon mountain's brow.
Let the weary rise and the faint be strong,
For a night so drear can not be long.

3.

Watchman! What of the night?
Need we look at all for day?
Shall we cast all hope away?
Shall we leave our sons to die?
Is there hope in yonder sky?

RESPONSE.

I see a light like the light of day,
It is streaming fast through the fading gray;
And its sheen of gold overspreads the sky,
Oh, let us rejoice, for the morn is nigh.

Carry me Back to my Mother's Home.

SOLO. With feeling. H. R. PALMER.



1. The day was gone, and the night was dark, And the howl-ing winds went by; .. And the blind-ing sleet fell
2. 'Twas a youth who had left his moun-tain home: He had wan-dered far and long: .. He had drain'd the gob-let's
3. "I have left the halls of the tempt-er's pow'r, And the rev- el wild and high; .. They cared not in their



thick and fast, From a stern and storm - y sky; .. When a mourn - ful wail, thro' the
fi - ery tide, At the fes - tal, mid - night throng; .. But a dream of home came
reck - less mirth If I wandered a - lone to die— .. Doth the fire .. still burn on the

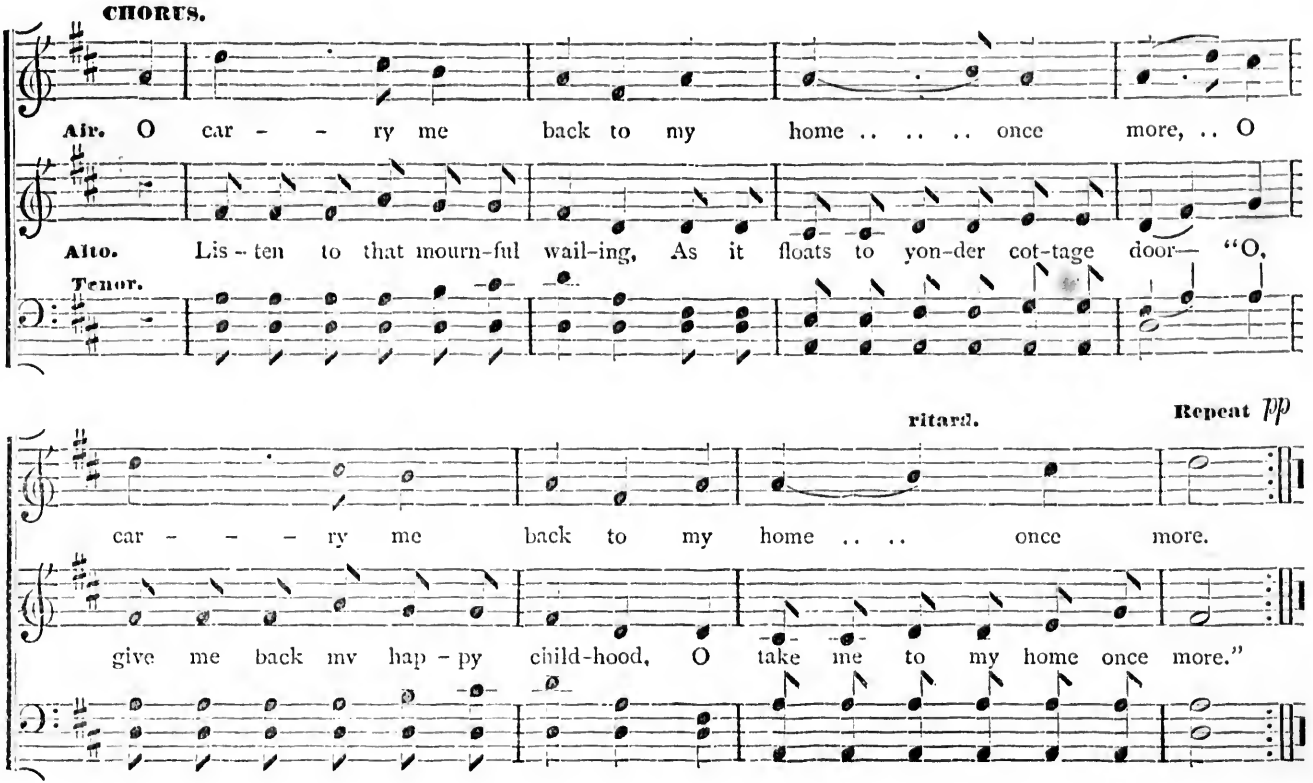


rush - ing gale, Was heard at a cot - tage door— .. "O, car - ry me back, O,
o'er his heart As he crept to the cot - tage door— .. "O, car - ry me back," etc.
house - hold hearth, By the oak tree old and hoar? .. "O, car - ry me back," etc.



car-ry me back To my mo-ther's home once more." ..

4. Like the weary bird that wandered long,
I will seek my mountain nest.
And lay my aching head once more,
On my gentle mother's breast.
Once more will I seek the household hearth,
By the oak tree old and hoar.—O carry, &c


CHORUS.
Air. O car - - ry me back to my home once more, .. O
Alto.
Tenor.
Lis - ten to that mourn-ful wail-ing, As it floats to yon-der cot-tage door— "O,
ritard.
Repeat pp
car - - - ry me back to my home once more.
give me back my hap - py child-hood, O take me to my home once more."

THE OLD COLLEGE BELL.





2. That old familiar bell,
How peal on peal doth tell,
Of other times;
Yes, happy chimes!
That old familiar bell,
To woo our hearts so well,
And hold them with its spell,
Of by-gone days,
Which waken praise
Of that old familiar bell.

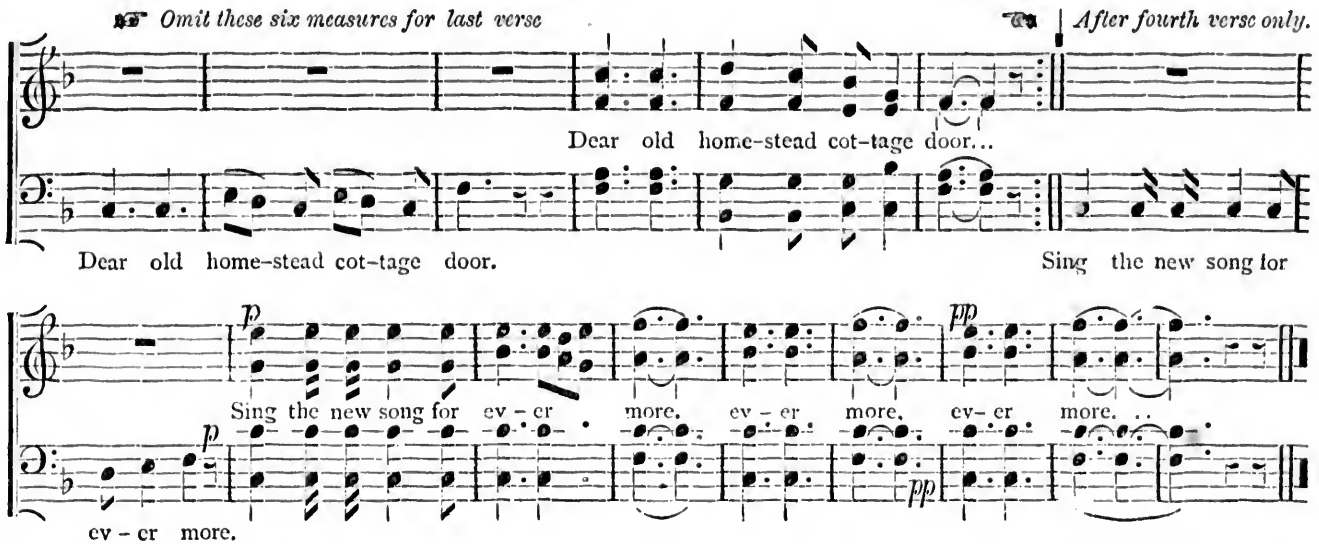
3. That old familiar bell,
Gives memory to tell
Of other hours,
A holy power
Of old familiar bell,
Which would all thoughts repel,
But those who love to dwell
Upon the past,
The joyous past,
Of that old familiar bell.

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF YORE.

A SONG OF HOME.

JUDSON.





2.

Voice and spirit loved to cheer it,
And the very birds to hear it
Flew around the door, and near it,—
 Near that good old cottage door!
And each sister dear, and brother,
Nestled closer to each other,
As our father and our mother,
 Sang their good old songs of yore.

3.

Then were words of kindness spoken,
And each heart renewed the token,
Pledging vows not to be broken,—
 Broken, never, never more:
And though now asunder driven,
With the ties of childhood riven,
Still we cherish pledges given
 'Round that good old cottage door.

4.

Though our days on earth are fleeting,
And [illegible] p'ral joys retreating;
Yet we [illegible] for another meeting,
 Better [illegible] than days of yore;
Where the heavenly courts ascending,
And with angel voices blending,
We shall sing on without ending
 At our Heavenly Father's door.

GEORGE FURNIVAL, Music Printer, 36 Baldwin Street, Toronto.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
A better time is dawning	22
Arise! arise! to save	34
Away the Bowl	43
Away with the Wine	50
Bondage	25
Carry me back to my Mother's Home	122
Cold Water Song	84
Come home, Father	54
Conquering	10
Crystal Spring	16
Days going by	33
Deliverance	4
Don't you go, Tommy	98
Father's a Drunkard	38
Forward march to Victory	106
Friends of Temperance, onward go.	3
Glorious News	58
Good Night	27
God Speed the Right	32
Greeting Song	94
Has Father been here?	70
Haste to the Rescue	60
Hast thou gleaned well to-day?	66
Hark! the Temperance Trump	8
Help to stay this Tide of Woe	24
Hurrah for Prohibition	52
Intemperance shall not always reign	37
I'll drink no more (round)	69
Is it true?	97
Jubilee Song	96
Leave me not	105
Let the Dead and the Beautiful rest	118
List! List! O, List!	18
Listen to my Prayerful Pleading	113
My Father's growing old	116
My Peaceful Home of other Days	12
No!	44
No Home	51
Oh, Bright is the Wine	102
Our Fatherland	112
Our Canadian Home	108
Persevere (round)	73
Ply the Oar, Brother	42
Reformation	28
Renounce the Cup	26
Rouse to Duty.	47
Some love to Drink	48
Sound the Battle Cry	68
Speak gently to the Erring	110
Speed the Happy Day	72
Stand like the Brave	90
Temperance Battle Song	40
Temperance Mission	36
Temperance Rallying Song	62
The Cars are coming	75
The Crystal Fountain	86
The First Glass	46
The Good Old Days of Yore	126
The Free	6
The Gushing Rill	100
The Living Waters	82
The Might with the Right	30
The Old College Bell	124
The Pledge	92
The Social Glass	20
The Temperance Army	64
The Temperance Ball is Rolling	80
The Temperance Call	103
The Temperance Star	11
The Toper's Lament	88
Tobacco, Oh! Oh!!	114
We are Happy and Free	109
We'll Crown them with Roses	74
What of the Night?	120
When is the time to Sign?	14
Will you come to the Spring?	5
Wine is a Mocker	56
Work and Pray	78

THE CANADIAN ANTHEM BOOK.

This is a choice collection of ANTHEMS, SET PIECES, SENTENCES, MOTETS, CHANTS, &c., from the works of the most popular Composers, old and new. The Book is printed on good paper, with new type, is neatly and strongly bound in cloth, contains 135 Anthems and Pieces, embracing 304 octavo (oblong) pages. It is unquestionably the

BEST BOOK OF THE KIND YET ISSUED.

Among the authors are Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Rossini, Chapple, Kent, Ebdon, Whitfeld, Zingarelli, Leach, Himmel, Arnold, Bradbury, White, Taylor, Emmerson, Warren, Root, Baker, Thomas, Perkins, &c.

Selections have been made from the *Boston Anthem Book*, *Taylor's Choral Anthems*, *Harmonia Sacra*, *Dyer's Anthem Book*, *Bradbury's Anthem Book*, *Sabbath Bell*, *Diapason*, *Anthem Thanksgiving*, *Liber Musicus*, Novello's *Musical Times*, and various other popular works; also a number of favorite Pieces of Sheet Music, together with several excellent Manuscript Pieces never before published. **Price $1 25. Per dozen, $12.**

SHORT EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS AND NEWSPAPERS:

"No book that I have met with contains as much useful music. The music is simple, but not weak; pure, but without complexity, and adapted to the solemn and the grave, as well as to the more joyous gatherings of the church and social circle."—*Rev. John A. Williams, Simcoe.*

"I consider it the best book of its class that has yet been published. I would be glad to see it introduced into every church and Christian home in the country."—*Rev. Alex. Sutherland, Montreal.*

"*The Canadian Anthem Book* is used by our choir in Port Hope, and is regarded as the best work of the kind that has appeared."—*Rev. E. B. Hooper, M.A.*

"The choirs connected with the churches on my circuit are delighted with the book, as furnishing a class of music better adapted to their taste than any other they have obtained."—*Rev. John Dear, Richmond Hill.*

"During about twenty years' connection with a choir, I have not seen a book, as far as I can judge, better suited for our church choirs. I take every opportunity of recommending it to choirs in connection with our church."—*John Kent, Toronto.*

"I am free to say that it is the best and most useful collection of anthems for general church use that I have met with. We would not be without it for twice its cost."—*John M. Edircloth, Toronto.*

"The book is just what we wanted."—*James Luke, Oshawa.*

"We have both examined and used it in our choirs, and cheerfully express our unqualified pleasure that a want so long and keenly felt has at length been so successfully supplied."—*Tundy Bros., Kingston.*

"After eleven years' experience as organist, I would say that I have met with no book that I consider equal to it."—*Jas. Baxter, Toronto.*

"It is well suited to the wants of our country."—*E. Tupper, Clifton.*

"Our choir is delighted with it; it suits us exactly."—*J. M. Rupert, Paterson.*

"So far as I have looked into it, I find it excellent."—*Edw. Ward, Schomberg.*

"I like it much. I have been well through all the pieces, and find them very correctly printed, and wonderfully free from typographical errors."—*L. A. Wilmot, Ex-Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick.*

"The Messrs. Coates deserve thanks for thus supplying to Canadian choirs what may well be regarded as the long-needed Anthem Book."—*Ontario Workman.*

"We heartily commend the *Canadian Anthem Book* for use in all our church choirs."—*Christian Guardian.*

"We know of no collection equal to it in this country; and for church choirs it must be invaluable."—*Norfolk Reformer.*

"We are glad to hail such an evidence of Canadian enterprise as is the publication of such a volume of musical gems."—*Montreal Witness.*

"OUR HOMES."

A POPULAR PATRIOTIC SONG. EMBRACING ENGLAND, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND CANADA.

1,700 copies sold in Canada.

Price Twenty-five Cents. JAMES CAMPBELL & SON, Front Street West.